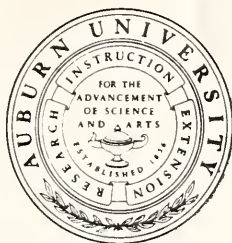
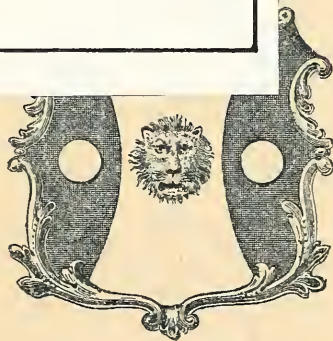


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P O E M S .

By Two Cousins of the South,

MISS JULIA PLEASANT'S AND THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER,
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To the Memory  
of the Loved and Lost

WE DEDICATE OUR POEMS.



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## PROEM.

---

In our own lovely clime, where orange bowers  
Luxurious bloom to woo the wanton air,  
Sweet Poesy forever young and fair  
With unlooped tresses roams. She waves her wand  
Where monarch trees with bending boughs await,  
And bursting buds attest her gentle touch.  
Where o'er the rugged rocks the cataract roars  
All beautiful she bends her airy form,  
And lo ! the rainbow curves to greet her there.  
Oh ! well she loves our dewy summer morns

That like Diana's maids sport on the hills,  
Our noons that soft voluptuous matrons sleep,  
Our fair-haired eves that dream delicious dreams,  
As brides grown pensive o'er their cups of joy  
While silk-fringed lashes o'er their blue orbs drooped,  
While speed the golden hours. Her step imprints  
Our verdant vales, and flowers of brightest hue  
Do blossom where she treads. Her voice attunes  
Each little rill that murmurs as it glides,  
All fountains gushing in perpetual joy,  
All rivers gleaming in our primal woods.  
With unwreathed lyres together we have roamed  
Where in our silent groves the goddess reigns,  
Where in our forest-aisles her altars glow,  
And kneeling there our earnest vows have said,  
Our grateful incense poured, and sang what songs  
Our sad hearts bade us sing.

## TO THE READER.

---

GIVE us thy heart, awhile, not thou  
With the mirthful lip and the joyous brow ;  
There are no sweet sounds for the glad and free  
In the solemn surge of the storm-swept sea,  
And we seek not to win a wand'ring glance  
From the rose-hued hall and the choral dance,  
Where the red wine flows, and the bright lamps gleam,  
Go give thy moments to Pleasure's dream.  
For we have not wreathed the poet's shell,  
For the idler steeped in her lotus-spell.

But give us thy heart—thou lonely one,  
Who hath watched all night for the tardy sun;  
Who hath showered out tears, and poured out prayer  
For the bright-winged joy that was flying there;  
While the spirit shrivelled to sorrow's touch  
At the starless post by the suffering couch;  
Where the lip grew chill, and the breath grew faint  
In the quivering throat of a dying saint.

Give us thy heart—thou mourner pale,  
Whose treasures sleep in the silent vale;  
Whose soul rolls down through the shades of Time,  
Like a sombre stream with a leaden chime;  
While the whispering hopes on its banks are hushed,  
Like a waste of reeds that the storm hath crushed.  
Thou who hast conn'd in the morn of life  
Its noonday lesson of grief and strife,  
Who hast early marched with a martyr's smile,  
To the fagot-heap of a funeral pile,  
Where thy blue-eyed Youth in its golden hair  
In a fearful flame rose wildly there.

Thou who hast turned in an ill-starred hour  
From the rose festoons of the trysting bower,  
With thy brow in a bath of bitterest brine,  
And thy spirit sad as the storm-lashed pine :



And learned for a life time the sickening spell,  
That harrowed the soul in that wild farewell,  
When they faded away in a sorrowful mist—  
The eyes you had loved, and the lips you had kissed !

Thou who hast seen on a desolate night—  
The earth grow dark, and the grave grow bright ;  
Whose eyelids have drooped as the phantoms grim  
That trooped from the shades of the future dim  
Came rustling around thee their long dark plumes,  
And blackening thy soul with midnight glooms.  
Thou who hast wept for the tender and young,  
Whose bosoms to thine in their anguish clung,  
And hast struggled to play a fostering part  
When thine own was an orphan's broken heart !  
Whoever thou art that hast suffered and wept  
When the revel rung, and the peaceful slept,  
On whatever shore—by whatever stream,  
The fate of a friend, or the death of a dream,  
Come give us thy heart, and blame not the lyre  
If tear-drops of sorrow have faded its fire.

## APHEILA.

---

AND because this Demon always removes joy, and begets gloom, and because he doth cast shadows over things fair and beautiful, I will now bestow upon him a name that shall be for the days to come, and the name shall be Apheila—destroyer.

*Fælix, Monk of Croyland.*

NEATH a lordly oak tree's shadow, in a velvet, verdant  
meadow,  
In the verdant month of April, blue-eyed April soft and  
fair,  
Where two silvery brooks did glisten, I was pausing still  
to listen  
To the murmuring of leaflets, making music in the  
air,  
To the words which Zephyr whispered to the wild flowers  
blushing there,  
And that morn I smiled at care.

Every pulse with pleasure thrilling, all my soul with  
rapture filling,

Then I said, that balmy April—"Lo! my life is full of  
glee!

And my future shall be cheery, not a single moment  
dreary,

Joyous sunshine without shadow round my footsteps e'er  
shall be,

And each gay, capricious moment yield its blessing ere  
it flee!

Lo! the earth is bright for me!"

But Apheila came beside me, and he came there to de-  
ride me,

From that tideless, torpid ocean in the cursed Demon-  
land,

Where, on pinions wan and wailing, dusky robes behind  
them trailing,

Float forever phantom figures, floating alway from the  
strand!

Ghastly vapors rose about me, sickly mists on either  
hand,

When Apheila waved his wand.

Slowly o'er the verdant meadow rolled the Demon's lurid  
shadow,

With a sober, solemn motion, like a corpse upon the  
sea ;

As it rolled, the wild flowers quivered, and their shrink-  
ing petals shivered,

And the falling leaflets rustled as they withered from the  
tree,

And, quite palsied with my terror, I did sink upon my  
knee,

When this shadow covered me.

All my soul with anguish swelling, and my heart its hor-  
ror knelling,

By loud ringings in my bosom, as a brazen bell may  
ring,

Much I feared that dismal morning that Apheila was  
my king—

That my future should be dreary, not a single moment  
cheery,

That dark shadows, lurid shadows, shadows from the  
Demon's wing,

Round my pathway e'er should cling !

In an arbor sylvan, shady, made for wooing gentle  
lady,  
Where the rarest roses cluster, growing up in queenly  
luster,  
Where the Venus-nurtured myrtle blooms and blossoms  
in its pride—  
In the twilight I was sitting, with a maiden by my  
side,  
While the hours on golden sandals did like a bright-  
eyed Houris glide,  
With Alvora by my side.

Sweet Alvora ! dear Alvora ! who saw her did adore  
her !  
Darkest eyes, whose silken lashes softly veiled their  
burning beams,  
Raven curls about her playing, o'er her swelling bosom  
straying,  
Lips with nectar ever flowing, tender cheek with blushes  
glowing—  
Lovelier angel waves her tresses not in mortal's blissful  
dreams,  
Not by Heaven's eternal streams !

In the arbor I was seated, knowing not how moments  
    fleeted,

With Alvora's lustrous glances piercing to my spirit's  
    core,

When the darkness came a-wooing, like an ardent bride-  
    groom suing,

And the crimson-tinted twilight to his astral palace  
    bore,

While the matron moon approving did her brightest  
    beamings pour,

    And the palace glided o'er.

Soon the twinkling Pleiades shining through the lattice  
    vine-entwining,

With their liquid streams of beauty bade a hopeful fancy  
    rise—

For the radiant sisters seven, stars serenest in the  
    heaven,

Shone as seven angel faces, with their blessed angel  
    eyes,

On the maiden and her lover, looking from the kindly  
    skies,

    On us smiling from the skies !



Every pulse with pleasure thrilling, all my soul with  
rapture filling—

“ My Alvora ” then I murmured, “ press thy loving  
heart to mine !

Shade my cheek with raven tresses, lavish on me warm  
caresses,

And thy arms so full and glowing round my throbbing  
bosom twine,

And thy lips, with nectar flowing, seal them closer unto  
mine,

Till I sip a draught divine !

“ For the future shall be cheery, not a single moment  
dreary ;

Lo ! the angels they have spoken, in the sky they hang  
a token

Of the blessings thick and thronging which the future  
hath in store :

In a pathway strewn with roses, which the soft moon  
silvers o’er,

Joy before us lightly tripping, like a tuneful trouba-  
dour,

We will wander evermore !”

But Apheila came beside us, and he came thereto de-  
ride us,  
From that tideless, torpid ocean, with its single surfless  
shore,  
Where, on pinions wan and wailing, dusky robes be-  
hind them trailing,  
Float forever phantom figures, floating alway from the  
shore !  
And with Demon's noiseless footstep he did move within  
the door,  
With his shadow cast before !

Then the queenly roses quivered, and the trembling lat-  
tice shivered,  
Till its vines enwreathing withered, dropping crispate  
on the floor,  
And the radiant sisters seven, stars serenest in the  
heaven,  
Veiled their seven angel faces, and their shrouds of  
sable wore,  
When the Demon's dismal shadow all the arbor covered  
o'er,  
All the arbor darkened o'er !

In this darkness so appalling, then I heard the footsteps  
    falling  
Of a maiden moving slowly, sadly to the arbor  
    door—  
Of Alvora! dear Alvora! passing through the arbor  
    door.  
And an echo full of sorrow did its lonely cadence  
    borrow  
From her footsteps sounding hollow, as she vanished  
    from the door,  
    And I saw her—nevermore!

All my soul with anguish swelling, and my heart its  
    horror knelling,  
By loud ringings in my bosom, as a brazen bell may  
    ring,  
Much I feared that awful moment that Apheila was my  
    king—  
That my future should be dreary, not a single moment  
    cheery,  
That dark shadows, lurid shadows, shadows from the  
    Demon's wing,  
    Round my pathway e'er should cling!

In a temple vast and olden, whose wide portals, grand  
and golden,  
Always open have been gleaming from the distant days  
of yore,  
With a spirit full of feeling, strange emotions o'er me  
stealing,  
In the midnight, still and solemn, I was standing on the  
floor,  
Where an incense-burning censer, of a royal purple  
ore,  
Purple beamings did outpour.

Soon I saw the censer swinging, in a circle slowly  
swinging,  
And I heard the lonely tinkle of a single silver  
bell ;  
When the silence thus was broken by this curious silver  
token,  
Stirring strains of martial music, like the stormy ocean's  
swell,  
From the floor unto the ceiling, through the olden tem-  
ple pealing,  
On my ravished hearing fell.

But its bolder notes subsided, in such happy measure  
glided,  
That all care did flee my bosom as the darkness flees  
the day ;  
Then this measure glided slowly to a cadence soft and  
holy,  
Till, in dying notes canorous, in a pean's saintly  
chorus,  
To the temple's deep cavazion this strange music rolled  
away—

With sweet echoes rolled away !

Then the censer ceased its swinging, in a circle no  
more swinging,  
And the lonely, solemn tinkle of the bell I heard once  
more ;  
When the silence thus was broken by this distant curi-  
ous token,  
Stately trains behind them flowing, 'all with silk and  
silver glowing,  
Lordly figures saw I marching through the open golden  
door,  
And the lordliest marched before.

Through the portals open golden of the temple vast  
and olden,  
Down the nave did move each figure with a footstep-  
slow and grand,  
With his train behind him flowing, all with silk and  
silver glowing,  
With the censer o'er him beaming, on his regal fore-  
head beaming,  
As a hero great in story, as a monarch crowned in  
glory,  
Seemed each figure in the band !

All my soul with rapture filling, with an eager rapture  
thrilling,  
Then I said, that joyous moment—"In this temple let  
me dwell,  
While, in legions closely crowded, 'ghostly centuries  
enshrouded,  
By their sad sepulchral dirges of their solemn transit  
tell !  
With these heroes great in story, with these monarchs  
crowned in glory,  
Made immortal let me dwell !"

But Apheila came beside me, and he came there to  
deride me,  
From that tideless, torpid ocean, with its single surfless  
shore,  
And his ebon pinions folded brushed the portals open  
golden,  
Of the temple vast and olden, when he moved within  
the door,  
When with Demon's noiseless footstep he did move  
within the door,  
With his shadow cast before !

And the waning censer shivered when this shadow o'er  
it quivered,  
When this shadow, upward stealing, rolled along the  
vaulted ceiling,  
With a sober solemn motion, like a corpse upon the  
sea,  
Till with pall of sable covered all the temple seemed  
to be,  
And quite palsied with my terror I did sink upon my  
knee,  
With this darkness shrouding me !

Then, my heart with anguish beating, I did hear the  
    steps retreating  
Of the lordly figures moving to the open golden  
    door,  
And an echo full of sorrow, did its lonely cadence  
    borrow  
From their footsteps sounding hollow, as they passed  
    from out the door !  
And my bosom with that echo which the temple floated  
    o'er  
    Shall be thrilling—evermore !

By this soul where memory weeping mournful vigil e'er  
    is keeping,  
By this heart despair hath broken, by full many a  
    weary token—  
Since that midnight I do know it, that Apheila is my  
    king !  
That my future must be dreary, not a single moment  
    cheery,  
That dark shadows, lurid shadows, shadows from the  
    Demon's wing,  
    Round my pathway e'er must cling !



By this current strangely flowing, not one ripple ever  
knowing,

By these sails of somber fashion, which a zephyr never  
fanned,

By this darkness so appalling, like a curtain round me  
falling—

Well I know that I am moving to the distant Demon-  
land,

In a vessel launched by Demons, by a mortal never  
planned,

To the cursed Demon-land !

And Alpheila sits beside me, and each day he doth  
deride me,

As we near that tideless ocean, with its single surfless  
shore,

Where, on pinions wan and wailing, dusky robes be-  
hind them trailing,

Float forever phantom figures, singing dirges ever-  
more !

When my vessel skims that ocean, with its singed and  
surfless shore,

It shall leave it—nevermore !

## THE EVIL DAYS.

---

ALAS ! the evil days have now drawn nigh,  
The evil days that bring no joys with them ;  
With drooping heads they wander slowly by,  
Sad-hearted kings without a diadem.

The silver lute is silent in my heart,  
The golden waters from its fountain gone ;  
The bright wing'd birds of Paradise depart,  
And leave its garden desolate and lone.

The sandal-tree lies leafless on the plain,  
The crystal dew has fled from the rose,  
The bulbul links no more his music-chain,  
And slow and sad the languid zephyr flows.

Alas ! the evil days have now drawn nigh,  
When like a royal mourner clad in weeds,  
Adown the crape-hung arches of the sky  
His funeral march the day-god slowly leads.

How deep the gloom that shrouds my devious way,  
How cold the winds that chill me where I roam!  
How dark the waste that widens as I stray,  
The evil days, the evil days, have come !

## TWILIGHT'S DREAM.

---

WHEN the golden day of childhood,  
As an arrow, fled by ;  
And when Youth, like tender twilight,  
Hung around my rosy sky,  
Then there came a radiant vision—  
Soft and fair it came to me,  
Like a star in silver sandals,  
Dancing on a dreaming sea.

Had that vision had a portrait,  
It had worn the eyes of blue,  
And the gold-hair of an angel,  
With her pearly pinions too ;

For 'twas heavenly in its beauty,  
And it quickly sped away  
Ere the timid stars of promise  
Clustered round its shining way.

It fled—but while it lingered,  
I was happy for an hour,  
As the tiny winged empress  
Of the honey-suckle bower ;  
If at times there rushed a sadness  
From my spirit to my brow,  
It was not the settled sorrow,  
That is imaged on it now.

For my heart was light and thoughtless,  
When that beauteous vision came ;  
And my life was like a picture,  
Hung within a golden frame.  
Though 'twas purpling into twilight,  
On its fairy mountains lay  
All the bright and blessed sunshine,  
That had crowned the dying day :

And the tender tear, that sometimes,  
    To my dreaming eye, would start,  
And the pensive shade, that floated  
    To my features from my heart :  
They were but the fleeting cloudlets  
    On the crystal sky of noon,  
Or the shadows from the moonlight,  
    On the velvet sward of June.

Yes, I knelt, a thoughtless wanderer,  
    For a moment by a shore,  
With a Fairy Land behind me,     :  
    And a Fairy Sea before ;  
While a barque, whose rainbow banners  
    Through the twilight fluttered free,  
And a single shining planet  
    Seemed to woo me o'er the sea.

But that lovely fancy left me,  
    And it left my heart a wreck,  
With the winds and waters wrestling,  
    On the torn dismantled deck.

Never more across the billows,  
 Like a birdling, may it glide,  
 And its gold dust and its jewels  
 Strew the waters far and wide.

For it tossed upon the ocean,  
 When the night of life grew dark,  
 And the talons of the tempest  
 Tore the plumage of my barque :  
 And when griefs were strong and countless  
 Then were friendships faint and few,  
 And my dream of starry beauty  
 In the darkness vanished too.

Like a ship with spices laden,  
 Strewing perfumes on the gales,  
 Sweeping past a lonely island,  
 With the sunshine on her sails—  
 Like a bird, on glancing pinions,  
 Bearing carols, wild and gay  
 Through the dim and voiceless distance,  
 Lo it fleetly sped away.

But my clinging memories clasp it,  
As a wreath of summer vines,  
With their pale neglected flowers,  
Round a broken pillar twines.  
Through my spirit still 'tis floating,  
Like a half remembered tune,  
Or a faded rainbow swinging  
Round a cold and misty moon :

Yes, though clouds, in thick battalions,  
Stand around the starless skies,  
And a world of solid darkness  
On my sorrowing spirit lies.  
Oft that twilight dream of raptures  
Wanders softly back to me,  
Like a star in silver sandals,  
Dancing on a dreaming sea.



## THE EVENING STAR.

---

WITHIN this narrow church-yard I did roam  
From where the village lights appal my gaze  
To kneel and weep beside this new-made grave,  
To bow my head in agony and clasp  
My solemn pulses o'er my brother's dust,  
And bid them beat sad requiem for his loss.  
With weary footstep hither I did come  
To note the mantling ivy twine its wreath  
Around my father's mouldering tomb, to hear  
The lone wind sing its hollow dirge, and lift

Unto the moon despair's wan face. To hold  
Communion with the dead I love, alone  
And undisturbed to lean my drooping head  
Against this sepulchre and count my griefs  
I wandered here. And I did think to see  
The emblem-phantom of my woes start up  
From his fit crouching-place behind this tomb,  
And lay his skeleton hand upon my breast,  
And palsy me with one sole look. But whence  
Hath he removed his visage lank? For him  
Is not this rank grass most congenial lair  
To coil his uncouth length at ease, and wait  
To hear his victim sighing as he comes?

Yet lo! how stillness broods, and, awed to peace,  
I turn my gaze unto the midnight skies.  
Ah! I do see thee now, blest evening-star,  
Thou pure orb blushing in thy loveliness,  
And trembling like an angel's heart, when God  
Doth praise for some especial mission done.  
This is thy own hour, and my troubled soul  
From wild and bitter thoughts to holy rest  
Is wooed and won by thy serenity.  
Thou pausest in the firmament to call  
To me, and at thy voice the swelling waves,  
That bear my spirit's bark to woe's dark gulf,

Are still and stormless as a mountain lake ;  
And the rent sails are glad, and hoist their shreds,  
Their soiled and sorry shreds, to feel the breeze  
That blows from the celestial isles.

Bright one,  
Thou dost unloose from gems thy golden hair,  
And wavest it a signal of thy love.  
From thy pearl arms the bracelet's shining bands  
Thou dost unclasp, and swing'st them in the skies  
A token of thy sympathy. How can  
I see thy gentle smiles rejoice the heavens,  
And not rebuke the demon of unrest  
Who howls within the cavern of my soul ?  
At thy soft touch, upon my pallid brow  
The drops of grief cling motionless no more,  
But melt their coldness and are gone, and lo !  
The funeral crape, that muffled all the beats  
Of my sad heart, is ta'en away, and hope  
Speeds on her happy throbs within my veins.  
Thou lookest on the pall above my head,  
And see ! the shroud becomes a myrtle-tree,  
And as I pluck the blossoms from its boughs  
To see its young leaves mottled with thy beams  
I feel a new delight, and seem a child.

My heart is thrilled with awe whene'er I think  
In this same hour in years now dead thy kiss  
Fell warm upon the Savior's brow. How oft  
He lay 'neath solemn skies beside some stream  
That tripped with dancing feet about the base  
Of silent Olivet, and wept his tears !  
The reverent wind then breathed its lowest sigh,  
And thou, with golden girdle on thy waist,  
Poised on the distant mountain-top, didst bow  
In adoration of thy God. Henceforth,  
Thou pious pilgrim I will turn to thee  
From all that starry host that circling roll  
In joyful orbits round the Father's throne  
To pay my nightly vows. Henceforth when grief  
My heart like lightning tears, and I do bend  
In agony, and tottering sway in woe,  
Tho' gasping for my breath I'll come to thee  
To quell the tempest of my soul. Whene'er  
The world seems rude, and friends in lieu of hands  
Point daggers to my breast, and Hope lays down  
The sceptre from her grasp, untwines the wreath  
From her fair front. and chattering, idiot-like,  
Dies 'neath the iron heel of grim despair,  
Who, happy undertaker, robes her form  
In cerements for the grave, a calm cold corse,  
Oh ! then thou placid maid, the crystal doors

Of thy bright palace ope, and welcome me  
A suitor on thy threshold humbly bent,  
And clasp me shivering to thy warm embrace.

At thy command my spirit, that erewhile  
Was wont to roam in forests by the night  
Or follow the wild sea-gull in its flight  
Alone and wailing o'er the sea, no more  
Will voyage in her gloom. Guided by thee  
Her pinions will be spread for radiant isles  
That gem the baldrick on old Neptune's breast,  
Where flowers are budding smiles, and blocks of ice,  
Lured from the frozen north, their coldness lose,  
And wooers then dissolve in tears for joy,  
And press their tremulous kisses on the shore.

Thou lovely star, this night thou art to me  
A Cadmus in the firmament, and I,  
Fond pupil, learn from thee hope's alphabet.  
With thee, until the garments of the morn  
Do flutter in the eastern gate, I could,  
In thy own language hold commune; but thou  
Must on to teach thy gentle syllables  
To others grieving as to me. Yet ere  
Thou fadest from my sight, oh! hear my prayer.

In thy still course thou wilt see much of woe—  
Sad hearts their sad sighs pouring on the air,  
Sweet lips compressed in silent suffering  
Thin hands clasped painfully upon their breasts,  
And drooping lashes dry in hopelessness.  
Comfort thou such as thou dost comfort me,  
And clothe them with the mantle of thy love !

The orphan weeping in his scanty bed  
Where never mother kneeled to bless her boy,  
Will wipe his tears, and to his window crawl  
To note thy sparkling glance of sympathy.  
Thou wilt behold the ambitious man, what hour  
He bows his lordly head for honor's wrath,  
Smitten by disappointment's stalwart arm  
A moment reel upon the ground, then forth  
To stagger out from gaze of prosperous men,  
And sitting solitary 'neath the oak  
Writhe sore to feel the sharpened arrow's point  
Pierce to his bosom's core. Beam thou on him,  
And soothe the coming madness of his soul.  
The maiden by her casement leaning low  
Will hasten to the nightingale's soft dirge  
That all night long sings sadly to the moon,  
And tears will dim her gentle orbs that love

Who bore her flowers did hide in them a sting.  
Wilt sweetly speak to her, and cease the pang  
That pales the crimson of her velvet cheek,  
And pares the roundness of her tapering limbs ?

How many, many more the old, the young,  
The grave, the gay, the proud, the poor of earth,  
Have need of thee to cheer their lonely way  
Where lies it in the wilderness of gloom ?  
Oh ! pause and give to all who pray for aid  
One ray to light the darkness of the road,  
And teach them God dwells in his moon-lit skies.

## THE EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

---

HE lay within his prison-house alone and desolate,  
Yet in his breast his heart beat calm, undaunted by  
his fate.

No sunshine sought his dreary cell to bless him with  
its light,

No rainbow arched his future sky to cheer him with  
its sight.

To kiss his cheek, to cool his brow, to whisper soft of  
home,



From Albion's isle far o'er the waves no zephyr fleet  
had come.

For him no message from his friends the rolling ocean  
bore,

But on her gentle errand sped one whom all men adore.

A goddess, she of queenly mein, who rules a broad  
domain,

And radiant night and darkness are the handmaids of  
her train.

To prince's throne or humble cot, her mission is of love,  
And at her touch stout oaken doors on noiseless hinges  
move.

To stay her step, or check her course proud tyrants  
seek in vain ;

At locks and bars and dungeon bolts, she laughs in  
sheer disdain.

Not steel-clad legions in their might, arrayed in pha-  
lanx deep,

Can bind a single fetter on the airy foot of sleep !

As heaps of snow on Alpine heights their stainless  
mounds dissolve,

When bright the day-king's burnished wheels through  
glowing skies revolve ;

As peaks of ice on Norway hill, upheaving bleak and tall,  
Before his chariot rolling fast like slaves obedient fall;  
So sink to rest the eager hosts, in armor on the plain,  
Awaiting but the blush of morn to wield their blades  
again,

When from her starry palace borne upon her golden car  
The soft-eyed goddess rides in state and rules the field  
of war.

Full oft she roams without her train, from eve till dewy  
morn,

In simple guise, with footsteps free, on angel purpose  
borne.

Full oft a lily white doth grace her curls of raven hair  
Whose petals full of odors perfume the wooing air.

The orphan 'mid her gushing tears behold this lovely  
flower,

And all her woes in blissful dreams are banished for  
the hour ;

While weary king on his velvet couch, in purple cham-  
bers laid,

In vain essays with royal bribes to win the fairy maid.

This goddess waved her golden wand by Andre's  
darkened cell,

And open flew his dungeon-door as moved by magic  
spell.

He saw the luster of her curls, the smile upon her face,  
And in her orbs of melting blue fond mercy's glance  
could trace.

In slumbers long, and still, and soft, his pensive eyelids  
close,

And dreams of youth, and home, and love, his raptured  
spirit knows.

On his hard couch a prisoner he breathed as calm and  
low

As on a bank of violets when the summer breezes blow!

But he heard sounds of music, and cannon's steady roar,  
And he knew the gleam of silken flags wide armies  
floating o'er.

Then seemed his cell a battle-field, no more his spirit's  
home,

For every blast of the bugle said, "come to the battle  
come!"

And he fought a stalwart warrior by hero Harold's side,  
And saw the blood from the Norman's heart gush  
out in crimson tide;

And pressed with the Saxon's fiercest tones 'mid rushing  
ranks of war,  
Where the bold Bastard's buoyant plume blazed like a  
fiery star !

Then with Queen Margaret's host he stood and dealt  
his sweeping blows  
For merry England, for St. George, and for the dear  
red rose.  
Then on the ravaged plains of France he heard his  
armor ring,  
And joined the shouts of the island men, " God bless  
our noble King !"  
With him to victor's music marched, o'er battered city  
walls,  
And quaffed French wine with British knights in  
proudest palace halls.  
And his breast heaved with rapture, his cheek flushed  
up with pride,  
To see o'er the trailing oriflamme old Albion's banner  
ride.

But twilight breeze blew softly his swelling bosom o'er,  
And soothed his restless spirit till it dreamed of wars  
no more.

Again the valley of his youth the glass of vision shows,  
Where moonlight kissed the leafy boughs, and winds  
did woo the rose.

Bright stars were shining soft and still, and waters  
murmured low,

He clasped the waist of the gentle girl he loved long  
years ago.

Her eyes were pure and deep and dear like eyes of the  
constant dove,

And he twined her curls of rippling gold, till thrilled his  
heart with love.

Through all the night till maiden morn wove garlands  
in the east,

The prisoner's spirit banqueted upon its fairy feast.

When struggled through the iron bars the morning's  
ruddy beams,

He roused him up from his last sleep, and woke from  
his last dream.

He heard the soldier's sounding tramp, and a single  
cannon boom,

And by the beat of the muffled drum he knew his hour  
of doom.

In silence then he knelt him down and bowed himself  
in prayer,  
That God would give him strength that day the shameful  
death to bear.

Then steel-clad men thro' the dungeon door moved  
slow in martial file,  
And every man gazed on the floor, and not a man did  
smile.  
When their nodding plumes and gleaming arms flashed  
full on Andre's sight,  
One moment sorrow dimmed his eye, and his whole  
face grew white.  
Could but a levin bolt from heaven his anguished  
frame destroy,  
Its rage to him were rapture, and his doom how full of  
joy !  
For Death 'mid the ranks of soldiers then a dismal  
shape had ta'en,  
And he coiled the hangman's curling rope, and clanked  
the hangman's chain.

The captive from his prison his guards in silence bore,  
And he walked upon the scaffold as on his native shore.  
He looked toward his own loved isle, and saw his  
mother's form ;

He heard her sobs far o'er the sea, and felt her tear-  
drops warm,

The gibbet ! ah, the gibbet ! should the dangling noose  
be flung

Around that neck where sisters fond with dear caress  
had hung !

Should shame upon that lordly brow her stamp of tor-  
ture place,

Where affection's kiss had lingered and honor left its  
trace !

But morning breezes lifted up his curls of flowing hair,  
He gazed upon the calm blue sky, for God was smiling  
there !

And a glory lit his forehead, and brightly beamed his  
eye ;

Let cowards wince at pangs of death, but brave men  
bravely die !

When the hangman stood by the prisoner's side all  
heart were dumb and still,  
But sad bells rang in every breast when the hangman  
worked his will,  
Then calmly on the dead man's face, the mocking  
sunbeams shone,  
And funeral guns the signal fired that the deed of death  
was done.



## LINES

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S PLUME.

---

AN eagle's plume ! an eagle's plume !

How bravely hath it battled back  
The rolling clouds, the tempest's gloom,  
And swept the sun's meridian track.

A thing of air, it proudly spurned  
The earth-born storm, the levin's glare,  
And like a thought, forever turned,  
In starward triumph, through the air.

An eagle's plume ! in wheeling flight,  
Swift as a clarion's note it rose  
From some untrodden mountain height,  
Of purple mists and shining snows.  
And far across the desert sky,  
It winnowed plains of azure dearth,  
And bore the camel-bird on high,  
A herald from the lowly earth.

An eagle's plume ! the skies grew dark,  
But o'er the sea it fleetly sped,  
The sea where many a gallant barque,  
Before the driving tempest, fled.  
And through the zenith, blue and gold,  
It soared above the sulphurous cloud,  
While fast the rushing waters rolled,  
O'er stem and stern and swelling shroud.

An eagle's plume ! an eagle's plume !  
It burst through floods of fiery rain,  
When culverin's crash and cannon's boom  
Broke madly o'er the battle-plain :  
A starry standard floated there—  
Above its folds, it quivering hung,  
And loudly on the leaden air  
The deaf'ning shout of—" Victory" rung.

An eagle plume, from Freedom's wing—  
It skirts the hills of Northern Maine,  
And bathes in every golden spring,  
On California's mountain chain.  
It rises, like a glorious star,  
Where wild Atlantic surges roar,  
And flies, in swooping circles, far  
Along the lone Pacific shore.

An eagle's plume ! would that my soul  
Might burst as chainless and as free,  
Above the stormy clouds, that roll  
Across this life's tempestuous sea.  
And oh ! when Life's dark goal is won,  
That it might spurn the vanquished tomb,  
And soar beyond the flaming sun  
An eagle's plume ! an eagle's plume !

## A SISTER'S REVERIE.

---

SAD vesper bells ! how sweet your chimes,  
Thrilling my soul like poet's rhymes  
Sung low at tranquil even.  
The light of childhood round me plays,  
And memory muses o'er the days  
When earth seemed nearer heaven.  
In younger years I often strayed  
Where silver streams wreathed many a braid,  
And there subdued and still I stayed

To hear their waters sighing;  
I would the sounds my spirit craves,  
The dulcet sounds of rippling waves,  
May float to me when dying.

E'en now I hear a gentle tone,  
So soft, so clear, 'tis music's own,  
It stills my panting bosom!  
My sister's voice! I've heard it ring  
In greenwood bowers when rosy spring  
With kisses oped the blossom.

Then ere mild evening's rays were flown,  
Ere stars were o'er the blue arch strewn,  
How gay we culled young buds unblown  
To see them bloom the morrow!  
Then Joy, the silver-cinctured maid,  
With lovely eyes our hearts betrayed,  
And smiled away each sorrow.

And when the kingly crest of morn  
Upon his dappled courser borne  
Shone o'er the dark dim mountains,

Like glad sunshine we sought for flowers,  
And lowest laughter from our bowers  
    Flowed like the flow of fountains.

Until the broad blue blaze of noon,  
Fond hours that fled all too soon  
Softly glided as a tune  
    Heard when the moonbeams glimmer.  
Alas ! we were too young to know  
That fairest cheeks soon lose their glow,  
    That brightest eyes grow dimmer.

And when the summer's tardy hours  
Brought rolling clouds like moving towers,  
And swift, strong winds and slanting showers,  
    And purple rainbows arching,  
While falling drops soft echoes gave,  
We read old tales of heroes brave  
    To fields of valor marching.

How often o'er the lake we sailed,  
Ere twilight's varied colors paled,  
    The still blue waters dyeing !

That lucid lake how clear it seemed,  
With undimm'd depths where white shells gleamed  
Like pearls in beauty vying !

My sister's face ! I see it now,  
As when she stooped low o'er the bow,  
Her joyous eyes, her snowy brow,  
Her unlooped tresses flowing !  
When strewn with lilies our fair boat  
Slow o'er the crystal wave did float  
With kindly zephyrs blowing.

Blest morns, bright noons, sweet evening hours,  
And boat all garlanded with flowers,  
Again I'll see them never !  
All, all are gone ; my sister sleeps,  
Death her dark-fringed eyelids keeps,  
Closed o'er her orbs forever !

Ah ! soon his touch will heal my breast  
Of sorrows, sighs, and sad unrest ;  
And then in funeral garments drest  
I'll cross the deep, cold river.  
But oh ! upon the other side  
I know that radiant angels glide,  
And golden sunbeams quiver.

## I'M TRUE TO THEE.

---

THOUGH sometimes in my maddened mood,  
I seem to be untrue to thee,  
The silent spell of solitude  
Restores my fetters back to me.  
If when it wanders through the world,  
My spirit waves her broken wing,  
Back to its cell, with plumage furled,  
It trails, a sad and piteous thing.  
Though often seems to be forgot  
The hopes, which were so dear to me,  
Their clinging memories leave me not—  
I'm true to thee, I'm true to thee.



Though sometimes, in the festive throng,  
I catch a smile from happier hearts,  
Swift with the reign of mirth and song,  
The transient glow of joy departs.  
Believe me, like some temple lone,  
Which slowly trembles to decay,  
Yet on whose sacred altar stone,  
One faithful taper sheds her ray,  
Lo, so her light, does Memory cast,  
And I, a constant devotee,  
Still wander through that ruined Past—  
I'm true to thee, I'm true to thee.

TO A DOVE.

---

THOU timid bird, dost thou my chamber seek  
To free thee from the unrelenting hawk,  
With fiery glance intent upon thy heart,  
And talons bent to inflict his deadly wound?  
Since young Aurora from her nightly couch,  
Sprang blushing, on his pinions fast and fierce,  
Thy cruel foe has followed thee in flight.  
What restless glare the fear of death has roused  
Within thy mild meek eyes, that in the dale  
Were wont to turn stedfast with patient love

Upon thy constant mate? Now rest thee, dove,  
Thou art rescued. The red blood from thy veins  
Shall never stain his beak nor thy torn limbs  
Appease the rage of thy fleet enemy.

And yet it pleases me to note thy wings  
All tremulous in restless unison  
With rapid feats of thy affrighted heart ;  
For as the twilight's ling'ring shadows fall  
They move my soul to tenderness, and I  
In lieu of lady-love—to kiss her brow,  
And twine affection's arm around her waist,  
And view my image in her deep dark eye,—  
With fond caress and soothing words of peace  
Would comfort thee.

Like thee, I too have fled  
With panting breast and weary nerves from foes  
Rapacious and remorseless. Raven Care,  
On sweeping pinions, and her eyes undimm'd  
With gloating on the forms of other slain,  
Flies darkly o'er my path, and very oft  
Misfortune like a condor flaps wide wings,  
And makes me crouch with shudders in their shade.

I long have learned to hear when sorrow sighs,  
To feel when sorrow weeps and point to stars—  
Bright stars when sad ones thro' their gushing tears  
See only couds. And once in still midnight,  
An angel, sped from her celestial home,  
With silvery voice said these few words to me :  
“ 'Tis nobler far to twine the dewy rose  
Amid the orphan's pensive curls, than gird  
The wreath of laurel round the conqueror's brow !”

Then rest, thou dove, upon my breast, and bend  
Thy orbs of love on me, as in old days  
In proud baronial halls thy kindred gazed,  
On maidens' alabaster shoulders perched,  
While troubadours sang gleeful songs, and knights,  
In crimson garments clad, did pledge full draughts  
In honor of bright eyes and ruby lips.  
Thou art most lovely, and the iris curves  
About thy placid pupils beautiful !  
A fairer tint the Norman girl ne'er marked,  
When sitting in her bower in ancient time,  
A bird akin to thee the missive bore,  
Which told her that in lands beyond the seas,  
Her lover 'mong the warriors of Christ,  
Yet hurled with vig'rous arm the barbed lance

Against the Moslem host, and on his breast  
Still wore the cross she gave in trusting-hour,  
Again for shady dells in the wild woods  
Unfold thy pinions gemm'd with purple tints,  
And summon with soft cooing notes thy mate.  
When golden-gilded Spring the forest roams,  
To hang her garlands on low-bending boughs,  
And laugh in concert with the sportive brook,  
Afar within the distant vale retired,  
Secure from all thy foes dwell thou in peace !  
And when sad Autumn on his solemn harp  
His mournful echo wakes, join thou the strain,  
And murm'ring low thrill all the lonely wood  
With peans for the falling leaves—for flowers  
That wither in their bloom, and for the young  
Who journey then unto the grave !

## THE SYCAMORE TREE.

---

DEAR are the trees of that broad old grove  
With their glossy boughs unto me,  
But the dearest of all the patriarchs there,  
Is the silvery sycamore tree.  
Not that its leaves are brighter than others—  
Not that it lifts its head so high,  
Though never a tree from the velvet vale,  
More beautiful rose to the sky.  
Not for its shining antlers, which seem  
Sprung from the white moon's quivering ray—  
Not for the throstle thrilling its boughs,  
The livelong summer day :  
(68)

I love it not for the daisies there—

Not for the snowy hawthorne hedge  
Whence the blue-eyed violets creep by night  
Upon the moonbeam's silver ledge,  
Nor yet for the soft cerulean stream,  
Which mezzotints its graceful limbs,  
Joyously painting each dark green leaf,  
And teaching it tuneful hymns,  
But I dearly love that sycamore tree  
Because its swordlike branches wave  
In guardianship of a bright green mound,  
Which mourning mortals call the grave.

By that rivulet's moss-bound banks we sat,  
Sporting one joyous summer eve ;  
Bathing our feet, and making white stones,  
The deep blue waters, gayly cleave.  
On the western hills, the god of day,  
Bathed in his own bright blood, sank down,  
Like a warrior chief, whose closing hours  
Add lustre to a laurel crown.  
For a flight of feathery darts he sent,  
Threading with gold the blue-eyed air,  
Piercing the clouds, flooding the forests,  
And tinging the curls of Youth's bright hair.

Thick fell those molten golden ringlets,  
Shading a fair cylindric throat ;  
Sweeping adown pale thoughtful temples,  
As starbeams o'er white marble float.  
He was the pride of our mother's heart,  
Angel-like with his azure eyes ;  
Slender and straight as a stripling palm  
Shooting to cloudless Austral skies.  
Life's airy lord passed through portals proud  
Those arching nostrils thin and white,  
And on the sheen of his broad brow curved  
Two silken lines of shadowed light.

Never a sculptor's dream more lovely,  
Burst on the world in parian stone ;  
Never were brows of purer ivory  
The dark Ebony Angel's throne :  
For suddenly there across his features  
Shot a shiver of mortal pain,  
And his clust'ring locks sunk on my breast,  
Like daffodils in April rain.  
Twining my arms about him, gently  
I laid him on the soft green grass,  
Watching across his saint-like beauty,  
Swiftly the dark Destroyer pass.



Death's mystic bolts before had hurled,  
    Never, above my youthful head,  
And like a birdling, serpent-charmed, I knelt,  
    By the pale sufferer's lone death-bed.  
Writhing in agony—beautiful  
    As rose-leaves in consuming flame,  
Nervously quivered his matchless lips,  
    With the fierce throes rending his frame.  
Awe-struck I watched the viewless breath  
    Through his fair throat grow faint and brief,  
And crystal spheres beading his temples,  
    Like raindrops on the lilly's leaf.

Motionless he lay, the pilgrim blood  
    Perished before the simoon's power,  
And his pure young spirit upward passed  
    Like odour from a broken flower.  
Tenderly I called his music name—  
    In vain—he would not move or speak,  
The silken sentry of his heavenly eyes  
    Mournfully slept on his pale cheek.  
“Brother ! my brother, oh ! speak to me—”  
    The night wind answered from the trees,  
And a fair young matron glided near,  
    Noiseless as the soft summer breeze.

Golden-haired, divinely beautiful  
Slumbered her glorious idol there,  
But the halo of a youthful saint,  
Were those thick wreaths of burnished hair.  
Beautiful, like an early snow-drop  
Gleaming in Death's chill wintry halls;  
What grief, oh ! pale Niobic mother,  
Snatched the glee from thy light foot-falls.  
Mournful as a willow-branch upon the turf  
She bowed in sad surprise,  
And silver tears bedewed the sleeper's face—  
Tears from our mother's mild brown eyes.

Twilight also wept, and the planets  
High troubadours of heaven's empire,  
Marvelling paused to garner up the tones,  
Which sprang from her spirit's broken lyre.  
"Carroll, sweet Carroll, my matchless boy,  
And dost thou dead or sleeping lie?"  
And the purple dove, on the white hawthorne,  
With mournful carols gave reply.  
Warmly she wreathed her flower-like kisses,  
In fleeting garlands for his brow,  
Vainly adjuring the dark'ning skies,  
With many a thrilling vow.

Quiring seraphs hushed their sounding harps ;  
They, of divine empyrean birth,  
Paled, with amaze, at the sundered tie,  
And giant grief of atom earth.  
Dusky silence quavered on her throne,  
Pierced with a thousand arrowy sighs,  
The nightwind rushed from the harrowing scene  
Seeking the light of happier skies.  
And ocean heaved, when the winding stream  
Sang of its far green altar shore,  
Where lay pale Azrael's votive chaplet,  
By the proud priestal sycamore.

He is buried there, he is buried there  
Beneath that reverend sycamore tree,  
And the blossoms rare, which burst from his grave,  
Are the first to woo the epicure bee,  
Through bursting buds the sunlight ripples  
Cheering the faithful crocus there,  
Whose golden leaves on the silent mold  
Memorize his luminous hair.  
And oft with eve's purple feet, I haunt,  
The hallowed arches of that grove,  
My heart and the brooklet echoing back,  
The sad wail of the cushat dove.

Stately forests, with their long moss hair,  
Wipe the feet of the Father Stream,  
When the orange blooms, like milkway stars,  
Under the dark magnolia's gleam.  
Perfume loads the mimosa's pink-plumed wing,  
Olive groves girt the Appenine,  
They tell of the myrtle's graceful bough,  
And they sing of the mountain pine ;  
The British oak wakes the slumbering lyre—  
The beacon palm by the sounding sea,  
But dearer than all of these to my heart,  
Is the silvery sycamore tree.

## THE FESTIVE HALL.

---

THEY have wreathed the flowers of blue-brow'd June  
In garlands for the gay saloon,  
And the deep orchestra's pealing strains,  
Link rosy hours with silver chains,  
And all is mirth in the festive hall,  
There glancing feet, like lute-tones fall,  
There bright eyes glisten and pale gold hair  
Like angel plumage floats the air,  
Play on, play on, with the dulcet flute,  
The archers, Youth and Beauty shoot  
From shining quivers of mirth and glee,  
The golden moments as they flee.

The cinctured zone, and the rose bound brow  
Of graceful forms, are gliding now  
In circling maze on the velvet floor,  
Like star-beams round some fairy shore.  
The cheek with tales of its beauty warm,  
And ardent manhood's stately form.  
The pleasant song, and the jest's wild flight—  
They fill the gay saloon to-night.  
No sad hearts mix with the happy throng  
To chase the night with mirth and song,  
The fair ! the free ! let them dance away,  
The joyous viol sweetly play.

No sadness here ? yet methought a sigh  
Stole with the viol's music by.  
It comes again, is it yon fair girl  
Whose brow is sorrow's throne of pearl,  
'Tis she, there's trace of fearful care  
Beneath those braids of jewelled hair.  
The bright lip smiles, but she plays a part,  
Away, away, thou broken heart !  
Not here, not here, come the sad and lone,  
Away, or breathe a gayer tone.  
Let the viol's strain float o'er the scene,  
And ring the merry tamborine.

There standeth one, by the bright lamp-globe,  
Whose face wears not a festal robe,  
Whose raven locks, like a funeral pall,  
On brows of deadly pallor fall.  
His quivering lip strives in vain to hide,  
Unhealing pangs of wounded pride ;  
The heaving breast, and the moistened eye  
Betray that memory will not die.  
What dost thou here with thy griefs to-night ?  
Go, give them to the sad star-light.  
Ring the tamborine more loudly yet,  
And gaily sound the castanet.

The chandeliers, from the ceiling, shine  
On crimson waves of flowing wine,  
But guilty memories harrow the soul  
Of some who quaff the sparkling bowl.  
The whispered tale, and the envious sneer,  
Of evil spirits wander here ;  
And some young hearts of the bright band swell,  
With echoes of the funeral bell.  
Alas ! alas ! for the festive hall,  
Its music doth not cheerily fall,  
Let other strains to the throng be borne,  
Wind, minstrel, wind the silvery horn.

They still look sad : like the amethyst,  
And golden hues from morning's mist,  
The joyous smiles from their brows have past,  
And left them pallid and aghast.  
Not yet wane the stars of purple night,  
And fairy feet no more are light :  
The glowing youth seems a withered stem,  
And lovely eyes with tear-drops gem.  
Alas ! alas ! for the festive hall,  
Its radiant throng are mourners all :  
Play on, play on for the rose-bound brow,  
But sweep the mournful harp-string now.



## I NEVER HAVE MET THEE.

---

I NEVER have met thee, I've wandered this world  
As shoots a lone fire-mist athwart the sad night,  
And I dreamed not the future's dark plumage was furl'd,  
O'er the sheen of a vision so beauteous and bright,  
Yet sometimes there came in my sorrowful hours,  
Strange glimpses of gladness, which brightened my  
heart  
As a stream swerbeth, swiftly, through ebony bowers,  
Or bright pinions poise o'er a pool and depart :

And often there murmured a musical tone

A tone, like a smile, through my spirit, that swept,  
But I thought that the angels had found me alone,

And sang a sweet song to the mourner, that wept.  
I forgot that the soul had a twin at its birth,

When it left the blue sky, for its pilgrimage here;  
And I thought that there was not a being on earth,  
Unto whom such a desolate heart could be dear.

I never have met thee, but, wandering, I heard,

Of a minstrel, whose numbers were gentle and low,  
And I wished that the wildwood would give me a bird,  
Whose carols as softly and sweetly might flow.

Aye ! I quaffed the rich tide of thy magical lyre,  
Till thy thoughts, unto mine, so familiar became,  
That my spirit could only its breathings, respire,  
And burn with thy soul, in a heavenward flame.

And then did I know, that the whispers, which stole  
Through my being, in life's early morning, were  
thine,

That they claimed the dark altars, which rose in my soul,  
And charm'd the false world from my sorrowful shrine.

For the harp which thy fairy-like fingers swept o'er,  
Was heavenly, and blest with the same angel tone,  
Which that mystical power so often before,  
Had rolled through my spirit, when sad and alone.

I never have met thee, but daily I dream  
Of a moment, in which I shall look upon thee,  
When our parallel souls shall in one placid stream,  
Blend brightly their flow to Eternity's sea.  
It may be but a dream, for misfortune and Time  
Take delight in unlinking Love's soft silver chain,  
But I know that thy spirit, in yonder bright clime,  
Will seek its soft counterpart fondly again.

## IDYLHEIMAR.

---

Dost thou hear me, Idylheimar—  
Through the star-light soft and free,  
Dost thou hear a pale-browed dreamer,  
Murmuring mournfully of thee?

In this hour of silvery splendor,  
Art thou thrilling with my love?  
Dost thou hear its breathings, tender  
As the carols of a dove?

There are waters round thy dwelling,  
Flowing purple bright and clear,  
Are they not forever swelling  
Loving legends in thine ear ?

Do the golden clouds not cluster  
Round thy pathway more and more,  
And delight thee with a lustre,  
Which they never had before ?

Do the woods not wave above thee  
With a gentler whisper-tone ?  
Ah ! I taught them how to love thee,  
When I wandered there alone.

Though I fled that spot forever  
Yet I left my presence there,  
On the woods and on the river,  
And upon the crystal air.

Yet, I burst the chains, that bound me,  
And I wandered forth afar,  
But my spirit circles round thee,  
Like a tributary star.

Dost thou hear me, Idylheimar ?

Dost thou watch the world grow bright,  
While the moon flings out her streamer,  
From the purple peaks of night.

It is like the joy imparted,  
From that radiant soul of thine,  
When thy lifting eyelids darted,  
All their beauty under mine.

Idylheimar I am raising  
Up the violet folds of space,  
And through starry vistas gazing,  
On the glory of thy face.

I behold thee ! I behold thee !  
Idylheimar dark and bright,  
And the rolling planets fold thee,  
With their silver plumes of light.

At thy feet the waves are dashing—  
But I see another there,  
With a bridal chaplet flashing  
Through the darkness of her hair.

And thy proud dark eyes are filling,  
With the freight of joyous tears ;  
For her voice is through thee thrilling,  
Like a flight of silver spears.

All thy being seems to quiver,  
Like the mighty throbbing sea,  
Where thine own beloved river,  
Pours its sparkling tide of glee.

And alas ! a wreck is lying  
By that river, rent apart,  
And the winds are o'er it sighing—  
'Tis the shadow of my heart.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

TOLL, toll, a requiem knell,  
 Thou bell-shaped sky !  
 The sad autumnal winds  
 Bear a great soul by.  
 And the towering angel flies  
 From the broadly branching tree,  
 Whence so long his flaming sword  
 Flashed defiance on the sea.  
 Roll, roll a thunder peal,  
 Like the boom of minute guns.

(86)



A continent is wailing

For the brightest of her sons.

Nor alone she sheds her tears,

For the world and Freedom sigh,

Toll, toll a requiem knell,

Thou bell-shaped sky !

Sob, sob, thou ocean wild,

On the lone, lone shore !

That bugle voice will float

On the deep no more.

For the "god-like" soul has fled

From the grand majestic form,

Which chaunted Union hymns,

Through the raging ocean storm.

No more that falcon eye,

Lights the Senate of the Free,

But a silent marble shaft

Gleams beside the rolling sea.

And the solemn granite-hills

Mourn around it evermore,

Sob, sob thou ocean wild,

On the lone, lone shore !

Wail, wail a coronach,  
    From deep toned wind !  
Through the temple where the dust  
    Of Genius is enshrined,  
Wail along its Northern hills,  
    Through the everlasting pine,  
And beside the sea-laved sands,  
    Of the Californian mine.  
Proud Orion's girdling orbs  
    Through November's arches soar,  
But Columbia's starry triad  
    Belts her glorious zone no more.  
And her last and brightest star  
    Hath in midnight gloom declined,  
Wail, wail a coronach  
    From deep-toned wind !

Weep, weep, repentant tears,  
    Thou ingrate land !  
Crown with tears the unwreathed brows  
    Of that bright star-band.  
Weep, Oh ! weep, that freedom twined  
    No rich coronals for them,

Who have clasped Columbia's brow

With a fadeless diadem.

They have won an amaranth wreath .

From the fullness of the sky,

And renown shall guard their graves,

With a proud and sleepless eye,

But their like shall never claim

Civic chaplets at thy hand,

Weep, weep, repentant tears,

Thou ingrate land !

## TO ONE ON EARTH.

---

I DID love thee with that most holy love  
Which blessed angels feel, and ev'ry morn  
My spirit turned to thee, as doth the rose  
To greet the rising sun. Thou wast a part  
Of my whole life. In solemn night, when stars  
Shone soft on me, I likened their bright beams  
Unto the light of thy dark eyes. Whene'er  
Upon my sight the moon arose,  
My full soul ever swelled with the glad thought  
That thou didst love me well. I was no more  
Alone in this sad world, a lonely spar

On heaving waters cast. My love for thee,  
Exhaustless, broad, and deep, and full, became  
As India's fabled stream, whose current bore  
Sweet flowers forever on, while far below  
Transparent opals and resplendent pearls  
In purest brightness gleamed.

Oh ! fervent bards

Of purer joys ne'er dreamed, than I did claim  
In my fond musings at that quiet hour,  
For thoughts of love so fit, when radiant ones  
Made melancholy by excessive bliss,  
Do spread the crimson pall of eve. To me  
Thou wast as Hesp'rus to the sailor tossed  
Upon far-distant seas, love's harbinger,  
And emblem of bright days to come. Like God's  
Own gorgeous bow of promise arched upon  
The lucid canvass of a summer shower,  
Thou wast my sign of joy. The noon-tide air  
Caressed my cheek, and murmur'd e'er thy name.  
The morning's breath seemed laden with thy sighs,  
And zephyrs, journeying from sweet perfumed isles  
In ocean's trackless waste, did oft times pause  
To hear my message, and to waft it on

Unto thy ears. I heard thy joyous tones  
Whene'er low murmuring brooks sang songs of glee,  
And thy own laugh to me seemed softly borne  
With ev'ry fountain's tuneful note. Thou wast  
The link that bound me unto purest thoughts  
And highest aims, the talismanic wand  
That waved away the sullen mists of gloom,  
And bade bright stars arise.

I little thought,  
When trembled on the night's still air thy vows  
And low responses, when thy beaming eyes  
Love-lit seemed emblems of angelic truth,  
When our fond hearts, their mutual throbbings timid,  
As with soft clasping hands our pulses thrilled  
In unison, that thou couldst thrust my love,  
My holy love away, as wanton girls  
Vain baubles cast aside, and seek again  
For newer toys.

I knew that thou wast gay  
As some wild bird of soft Ausonian clime,  
But 'neath that outward gayety I thought  
A well of deep affection lay, whence I

Full cups of bliss might draw. From all the bright  
And beauteous things of earth—from star-lit streams,  
From slanting trees, from dew empurpled vales,  
From glowing skies, from rainbows, and from flowers,  
I knew thy spirit drew rich sustenance.

But I did think that, sated with such sweets,

My dove of gentlest wing would speed away,  
And nestling on my breast would murmur tones,  
Delicious tones of love. Within the hall  
Of festive joy, within the gay saloon,  
Thronged with the beautiful and brave, I knew  
That thou couldst float like Auster wandering  
Amid a bed of roses, like a cloud  
Of glorious tinge at even's witching hour;  
But oh! I thought that hushed to deepest awe  
Thy heart would be, as if the eye of God  
Beheld the deed, as if his own ear heard  
The solemn words, when thou didst plight to me  
The maiden troth and seal it with thy kiss.

Before I gazed entranced within the heaven  
Of thy dark eyes, unto the touch of love  
My heart had never opened its sealed lid.  
But thou, false one, its fairest flowers hast culled.

Each one with first love's beaming dew-drops bathed ;  
And now, all withered, robbed of their perfume,  
Thou send'st them back to me. A woman thou,  
And heap such desolation on the soul !  
Thy coldness hath congealed my loving heart,  
And o'er my firmament of love hung wide  
A pall of sable hue. Well ! be it so,  
The world hath grief, and I must bear my part.  
The oak tree never bends, and I must learn  
To stand erect and firm, though round my feet  
My hopes their sad plumes trail.

Thou knowest not  
How desolate my throbbing heart will be  
In coming years. The future, spreading out,  
Seems even as the long-extended waves  
Unto the drowning mariner, a waste  
Of waters, when the restless billows roll.  
And yet not one reproach I cast on thee,  
That thou hast made my life so sad. E'en now,  
When grief sits on my soul, the sceptered King,  
I pray for thee perpetual joy. I would  
That some kind angel from high heaven would come,  
And round thy swan-like neck phylacteries place,



To shield thee from all harm. I would that thou  
Of that perennial font of youth couldst drink,  
That healthiest hues might ever tinge thy cheek,  
That e'er thine eyes in limpid light might gleam,  
And e'er thy voice its liquid notes possess,  
And thy soft laugh might float upon the air  
As dulcet sound of vesper bell. For thee  
Such joy I pray, as they fore'er possess,  
Who in the blest Elysian fields do smile  
Their happy hours away.

Ah ! I must stoop

To bear the burden of my fate. With heart  
All scarred as thunder blasted pine, I tread  
Amid my fellows to the yawning grave.  
Yet I can smile, can wreath the trembling lip  
In mirthful glee, assume the haughty step  
Of one who feels no vulture's horny beak  
Upon the heart-strings feeding. Although love  
May dwell not in the temple of my heart,  
Another god may build him altars there,  
And fire them with eternal flame. His voice  
May lead me to no vine-encircled bowers,  
Where softest joys abide. Ambition owns

No sunny realms, where perfumed roses grow,  
But wide and barren heaths, where oftentimes  
The traveler's heart grows faint, and sadly pines  
For one sweet word of love, albeit his cheek  
No trace of sorrow bears, and lordly scorn  
Doth quell the rising tear ere it escapes,  
And stamps upon the mouth its bitter smile.  
'Tis true, when suppliant at ambition's throne  
I kneel, my swelling bosom may not heave  
With eager bliss, nor sparkling tears of joy  
Beneath my drooping eye-lids gush, but pride  
Will send a thrilling pulse through me, and hope  
A cloudless morn display, when on my brow  
Triumphal garlands shall be twined.

Yet if

I climb the famed Parnassian mount, and strive  
With lyre in hand, exultant strains to sound,  
The recollection of my slighted love  
Will so oppress my soul, that plaintive notes  
And dirges sad, in place of victor songs,  
Will tremble on its chords. Yea, if I range  
'Mid Helicon's symmetric groves, where stands  
The tuneful Orpheus' counterpart, where rise

In virgin witness, with fair garlands crowned,  
The statues of the immortal Nine, I know  
Each stately column, as if animate  
And conscious of my love, will shape itself  
An image of thy glorious form, and soft  
Will beckon unto me. And when I kneel  
To quaff sweet draughts from fountains gushing there,  
As erst it smiled on me, thy loving face  
Will gleam amid the waves, until I weep  
In very woe, that memory ne'er will die.

## THE LADY OF AYR.

---

WHEN Spring waved her sceptre o'er mountain and  
plain,

And twined in the valley her garlands so fair,  
The Baron of Lorn assembled his train

To woo in her palace the Lady of Ayr.

He mounted his steed, it was black as the night,

And proud as the rider it chafed him to bear ;

Beside the bold Baron his banner gleamed bright,

And hope led the way to the Lady of Ayr.

He rode through the forest all stately and slow,  
But heard not the carol of birds in their bowers;  
He saw not wild rose buds in morning's red glow  
Unfold their young petals and burst into flowers.  
He thought of the heiress—her lands and her gold—  
And dreamed of his rapture her riches to share;  
Ah! Baron of Lorni, thy breast is too cold  
To pillow the head of the Lady of Ayr!

When hues of the even were red in the west,  
And myrtles were blushing in twilight's last ray;  
When leaves of the forest all fluttered to rest,  
And the breeze o'er the valley died fitful away—  
The Baron looked upward, those old towers he knew,  
Where a banner of silk waved its folds bright and  
fair,  
And on his good bugle such loud blasts he blew  
They thrilled the wide halls of the Lady of Ayr.

"I wis," quoth the Baron, "warm blushes will rise  
When heareth the lady the signal I blew,  
And glances of pleasure glow soft in her eyes,  
For the Baron of Lorni is coming to woo."

“ I wis” quoth the Baron, “ ere morning may beam,  
To gild with its splendor this palace so fair,  
I shall see o’er these towers my own banner stream,  
And I be the lord of the broad lands of Ayr.”

He sprang from his charger, a page caught the rein,  
The warders threw open their gates at his call ;  
With mien like a prince’s he led on his train,  
And the clang of the gold spurs resounds in the  
hall.

Why pauses the Baron, why blanches his cheek,  
Why greets the gay scene with so vacant a stare ?  
A suitor so noble her presence may seek,  
And lead to the dance the gay Lady of Ayr !

Proud Baron, behold him whose eye is so bright,  
And who lingers with rapture the heiress upon !  
The pearls on his baldric were liquid with light,  
As dew on the meadow when rises the sun.  
Why trembles her hand in his welcome embrace,  
Why kindle her orbs with the lustre they wear ?  
Who nurtures the rose-buds that bloom in her face,  
Who clasps the warm waist of the heiress of Ayr ?

'Tis Arthur thy cousin, the bold troubadour,  
The orphan thy anger expelled from thy hall,  
To wander an exile upon a far shore,  
Or in the dread battle a soldier to fall.  
Ah ! Baron of Lorni, no more will he roam  
In sorrow, the ills of the cold world to dare !  
He sings his wild songs in his own palace home,  
And he is the lord of the Lady of Ayr !

I wonder, proud Baron, did blushes arise,  
When heard the sweet lady the signal you blew ?  
Did glances of pleasure glow soft in her eyes  
That the Baron of Lorni came hither to woo ?  
I wonder, proud Baron, when morning may beam,  
To gild with its splendor this palace so fair,  
Wilt see o'er the towers thy own banner stream,  
And wilt thou be lord of the broad lands of Ayr ?

## I REMEMBER HER WELL.

---

I REMEMBER her well, I remember her well,  
With the deep azure eye, that so gently beguiled ;  
I remember her tones, and the magical spell,  
That flashed from her lip, when it joyously smiled.

I remember the grace of that planet-like brow,  
How it mantled the soul with its beautiful light,  
And the brown rippling tresses, that shaded its glow  
Like the pale amber clouds round the queen of the  
night.



I remember her laugh, like the voice of a bird,  
When it rings through the forest, unfettered and free;  
In the morn, on the mountain, its echoes were heard,  
And the valley, at evening, repeated its glee.

Yes, her voice was as fresh as the wind, that imparts  
Rich aroma from Araby's gardens of myrrh;  
And her heart was the lightest of all the young hearts,  
That carolled the chorus of childhood with her.

I seem to be gazing once more on her face,  
Where the eloquent blood spoke a language divine,  
Like the warm blushing tint on a delicate vase,  
When 'tis suddenly filled with bright currents of wine.

But those were the days, when the summers were green  
And winter looked fair as a marble-browed maid,  
When the Spring on the hills was eternally seen,  
And Autumn her farewell forever delayed.

I'LL HASTEN TO THEE, LOVE.

---

WHEN twilight's soft blushes have crimsoned the sky,  
And roses their petals till morning conceal;  
When swells thy young bosom and beams thy dark eye  
With rapture too deep for the tongue to reveal,  
If then thou but breathest a fond wish for me,  
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee!

When moonbeams are floating upon the clear stream,  
Whose banks in our childhood we decked with gay  
flowers;

When by its green margin thy dear tresses gleam  
As brightly as shone they in life's younger hours,  
If lingers thy memory then upon me,  
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee !

When pleasure illumines her rose tinted hall,  
And summons her daughters with laughter and  
song,  
If then o'er thy spirit pale shadows should fall,  
And thoughts of thy lover thy gentle heart throng,  
I'll know thou art sighing tho' distant I be,  
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee !

When phantoms of grief find their homes in thy breast,  
And golden-haired joys on their white wings have  
flown ;  
When roams thy sad soul down the aisle of unrest,  
As wanders a pilgrim all weary and lone—  
In sorrow as sunshine, in gloom as in glee,  
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee !

## THEN LINGER THOU ZEPHYR.

---

FAIR maidens are wreathing her dark waving hair,  
And 'mid its bright folds they entwine the white rose :  
Her sweet sighs of transport fall soft on the air,  
And the swells of her bosom its rapture disclose.  
Then linger, thou Zephyr, that kisseth my brow,  
Nor tell how lonely my spirit is now.

Her bridegroom is breathing the low notes of love,  
And clasps her fair hand in his gentle embrace :  
Her eyes meet her lover's like those of the dove,  
And crimson-hued blushes glow warm on her face.

Then linger, &c. &c.

The festival palace where sports the gay band  
Is thrilled with rich music that gayly floats there :  
And pleasure the sentinel waves his white wand  
To drive from his portals the phantoms of care.

Then linger, thou Zephyr, &c. &c.

Why show her life's flowers bereft of perfume,  
Why point to dark clouds that forever are nigh ;  
When buds of delight in her bosom have bloom,  
And rainbows of beauty arch brightly her sky ?

Then linger, thou Zephyr, &c.

## THE CLOUDS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

---

ON the brow of the mountain the gloomy clouds throng,  
And darkly their shadows roll over the vale ;  
The Lark folds her pinions, and hushes her song,  
In silence awaiting the close of the gale.

When the rays of the sun glow softly again,  
Those clouds will be melted, those shadows will flee ;  
The lark from her wet wing will scatter the rain,  
And soar to the heaven in spirals of glee.

Thy frowns of displeasure have darkened my soul,  
In the hall of my spirit the pale shadows move;  
And from its mute lyre no music will roll,  
Till gleam on its clouds the sunbeams of love.

When the rose of affection blooms sweetly once more,  
And the light of thy smile shines brightly on me  
My heart like the lark on glad pinions will soar,  
And speed to thy bosom to warble for thee !

## WE MET TO PART FOREVER.

---

We met—'twas where her silver chain,  
The midnight moon was weaving,  
Across a darkly, rolling plain,  
Of waters wildly heaving.  
Our hearts were not more still and calm,  
Than was that roaring river,  
For we had sung Life's morning Psalm,—  
And met—to part forever.

There waved a beauteous forest sea,  
Beneath that moon's illuming ;  
But sorrow, in our sandal-tree,  
Her axe had been performing.



And sadly gazed we on the grove,  
Which girt that foaming river,  
And mourned to think with all our love,  
We met to part forever.

The nightingale flung on the breeze  
The richest vocal treasure,  
But grief, on Life's low minor keys,  
Had struck a mournful measure ;  
And coldly fell the night-bird's song,  
He could but weep and shiver  
To find our broken hearts so strong  
To meet and part forever.

The dew shone on the blooming vines,  
Our sylvan bower that shaded ;  
But in our spirit shattered shrines  
The rose of love was faded.  
Youth's golden dew, which bathed it erst,  
Again would bathe it, never !  
And only blighting tear-drops burst,  
To meet and part forever.

The archer stars sat on the sky,  
    Their silver arrows glancing,  
Against each wave, that shouted by,  
    To ocean's waste advancing ;  
But we had known the poisoned darts,  
    From Grief's exhaustless quiver ;  
They rankled in the writhing hearts  
    Now met to part forever.

'Tis many a year since there we met,  
    And sorrows have I numbered,  
But bittered brine hath never yet,  
    My faded cheek encumbered.  
And memory, like a guilty sprite,  
    Still haunts that lonely river,  
When in the morn's unclouded light,  
    We met to part forever.

## IMPROMPTU PROPHECIC.

---

I sigh to gaze upon thy brow,  
As joyous smiles enwreath it,  
And think what bitter tears will flow  
From those blue eyes beneath it.  
I sigh to think what storms will whirl  
Above such sunny tresses,  
And sorrows number every curl,  
Which now thy cheek caresses.

Thou art so far above this earth  
That clouds will round thee cluster,  
As lightnings gild, in seeming mirth,  
Yon print of glittering lustre.

Thy sunny lash conceals a look  
Of tears, beneath it, sleeping,  
As summer vines disguise the brook,  
Which was but made for weeping.

Thou hast the dreaming air of one  
To trust the starry vision,  
Which flies before the morning sun,  
With smiles of bright derision.  
I would that I could teach thee how  
To shun thy young heart's blighting,  
But ah ! 'tis writ upon thy brow—  
I only read the writing.

## THE SONG OF IO.

---

Sit Medea ferx, invictaque, flebilis Juno  
Perfidus Ixion, *Io* vix atristis Orestes,  
*Hor. Epist. ad Pis. 123-4.*

CRUEL Juno ! heartless empress !

With my weary soul I pray,

Cease thy torture one brief moment ;

Oh, thy vengeful anger stay !

For mine eyes are blind with weeping,

And my strength is worn away ;

Sad unrest is all my portion,

Thro' the lonely night and day.

Restless willows cease their waving,  
When wild Auster sleepeth low ;  
Waves of ocean cease their motion,  
And a tranquil quiet know ;  
Even shifting clouds in heaven,  
At still noon-tide linger slow—  
Over mountains and their valleys,  
Must I ever wander so ?

Dew-drops speeding from high heaven,  
Soft on budding flowerets fall ;  
Lithsome straying leaves of autumn  
To their resting places crawl ;  
Fitful lightning claims a dwelling,  
Nestling in its cloudy hall ;  
Like them let me find a haven ;  
Juno ! hear my moaning call.

Ah ! celestial maids are smiling,  
In their blissful home above ;  
Singing sweetly to each other  
Cantos redolent of love.

Will no gentle voice of mercy  
Soothing fall upon my ear ?  
Passing days but mark my sorrow,  
Still no cheering tone I hear.

Let me linger—oh, kind Juno !  
Where dark cypress shades entreat ;  
In yon brooklet bubbling by it  
Let me cool my blistered feet.  
Let me bathe my burning forehead  
In thy limpid, liquid stream ;  
On this green-sward let me droop me,  
And forget my woes in dream.

As I pass majestic lilies,  
How I long to pause awhile !  
By young rose-buds I would dally,  
Note them ope their lips to smile.  
Oh ! to slumber in this meadow,  
Where kind Terra's couch is spread ;  
Where the oak, to shade it kindly,  
Boweth low his lofty head !

Ever onward, ever onward !

Will my roamings never cease,  
Tho' the verdant lawn invites me,  
Saying, " Io rest in peace !"  
Tho' melodious birds do woo me,  
With most melancholy song ;  
Tho' my heart doth bleed for quiet,  
As I journey lone along !

Ah ! my dreary, dreary future  
As a boundless ocean seems ;  
And my sky is robed in sable,  
Whence no star of mercy beams !  
Gloomy phantoms flit before me,  
Dusky robes behind them trail ;  
Mercy, Juno ! oh, queen Juno !  
Hear my agonizing wail !

Lo ! poor Io, vainly mourning,  
Is the human heart portrayed ;  
Throbbing restless, throbbing restless,  
To and fro forever swayed.  
Sad pulsations thrill it ever,  
Floating on its sea of life ;  
Scorching sunbeams parch its fibers,  
O'er it shriek shrill winds in strife.



Palpitating, palpitating,  
Tranquil joy it never knows ;  
Undulating, undulating,  
As the stormy tempest blows ;  
Piercing lightning o'er it gleameth,  
Solemn thunders round it roar,  
And above it, sea-birds, plaining,  
Wild and wailing dirges pour.

## THE MELANCHOLY HOUR.

---

THIS night my heart is very, very sad,  
And o'er my soul's harp breathe with deeper tone  
The wailing winds of grief. From ancient seers,  
From prophets wise, short respite from my thoughts  
I may not hope to win. They o'er me come,  
Not as the tempest sweeps the darkened main  
With force resistless and with horrid rage,  
But soberly, oppressively, as fall  
Dead autumn-leaves upon a maiden's grave,  
Or as the shrouding snow-flakes slowly sink  
On pilgrim breathing his last trem'lous sigh

Alone on Alpine peak. Adown the aisle  
Where restless roams my most unquiet soul,  
My sorrows burn as doth the mocking torch  
Within a funeral vault. With listless eye  
I scan in vain their pages genius-lit,  
To whom with lavish hand the muse hath given  
The power to sing.

His potent lyre in vain  
Sonorous Homer sounds. I hear his strains,  
And know them grand as ocean's mightiest waves;  
But not as in my younger halcyon days,  
In warlike armor clad come trooping on  
The heroes whom he sang. In squadrons arm'd  
With martial music cheered they do not move,  
Not with proud banners streaming in the wind  
But sadly walks each hero and alone,  
With drooping head and down-cast grieving eyes,  
As if lamenting him of valorous deeds  
Whose glory was the death of noble men.  
Lo! where the great Achilles comes, and bears  
No mail-coat on his form. Nor burnished shield  
His left arm clasps, nor grasps within his right  
The threat'ning spear, as when brave Hector looked

And knew his coming doom ; but cypress leaves  
Are in his hand ; and pensively he kneels  
Beside the buried Trojan's tomb, and weeps  
As Priam's self would weep.

On Rome's imperial bard to gladden me  
With liquid lyric lays of Tiber's stream,  
Of famed Bandusia's fount of foaming seas  
That proudly bore Augustus' galleys on  
To conquest and to glory, of the fauns  
Who made wild merriment in cooling groves,  
Of woodland nymphs, who danced on verdant lawn  
In artless glee, or by th' observant stream  
Their lustrous tresses wove, and saw sweet forms  
The grateful waters mirrored back, in vain,  
In vain with pleading voice I call. Tho' rich  
Beyond compare in ores of molten gold,  
The gen'rous bard hath not the glowing pearl  
Whose rays I covet most.

In vain I list  
To Milton's tuneful notes, and strive to feel  
Small portion of that rapt'rous ardent fire

That thrilled his heart, and filled his mighty mind  
With visions of seraphic grace. As wept  
The blind old monarch-bard, when strove in vain  
To note Aurora speeding o'er the hills  
His sightless eyes to darkness doom'd, e'er thus  
This very night I weep to know and feel  
That Heaven's own favor'd one no magic hath  
To soothe this lonely hour.

Could I with youth's invigorating step  
On Scotia's heather tread, and summon up  
From his remember'd grave th' immortal Burns,  
And bid him sing his glorious songs to me,  
His honeyed words my spirit could not woo  
From her despondency. In other hours  
My heart has echoed to his wondrous lays,  
And in its deepest cell his numbers kept.  
In other days I've started at his call,  
And as a little child obeyed his will.  
In other years I've followed every step,  
Where walked the poet caroling his verse  
Behind the moving plow, and charmed the air,  
Or when at twilight 'neath the hawthorn's bloom.

On "Highland Mary's" cheek he rested his,  
And poured his melting music in her ear.  
How oft by Logan's lovely stream, or by  
Clear Afton's crystal wave I've knelt me down  
A mute adorer! But alas! this night  
The veil of grief that shrouds my shrinking soul  
His silver wand, alas, may not remove.

Of gayer moments, when my heart did leap  
In wantonness as leaps the sportive fawn,  
I now remember not. Bright oases,  
Where erst I dreamed the golden hours away  
No more rise tranquil to my raptur'd view:  
But moving sad and slow, I sigh to see  
Man caravans in melancholy march  
Upon the desert waste, while o'er the host  
Of camels worn with toil, and feeble men,  
In pale derision smiles the moon. In vain  
I call on reason to assume her crown,  
And with her sceptre wave these gloom-born thoughts  
From her baronial realms. My plaining voice  
She doth not heed, but leaves me for this hour  
To the companionship of my lone thoughts.  
Within the hall where riant Fancy's throne  
Was wont to gleam in gorgeous hue, where once

In purple robes attired the fairy queen  
Her airy revels held, if e'er I turn  
My sad dejected look I stand appalled  
At the unusual scene. No sylph-like forms  
Within the desolated chamber move  
To witching strains from lyre and timbrel gay.  
To chant their airs in more congenial homes  
The transient troubadours have sped away ;  
And harpers old with stately flowing beards  
Most solemn gaze do bend on me, and from  
Their sounding harps of ancient ebony made,  
Fantastic carved with many a quaint device,  
The saddest pæans pour.

The happy days

The dreamy nights that blessed my younger years,  
The flute-like tones of truthful boyhood's voice,  
And the soft laugh of her I loved so well,  
Are now as dim and waning lights that glide  
A moment o'er the dark morass—and die.  
This night fond mem'ry doth neglect her tasks,  
And will not list to sorrow's sighs, nor note  
The single tear slow trickling down my cheek.  
The parchment where she traced the record fair

Of cheerful hours, before mine eager sight  
She will not now unroll. Unto the spots,  
The pleasant, silvery sunlit spots, where oft  
I basked in ease, ere lusty manhood heard  
The swelling roar from life's wide battle-field,  
And felt his muscles hardening for the fray,  
She will not guide my step. Beside the brook,  
Whose silent waves did hear the low-breathed vows  
I told a maiden once within the bower  
Where our twin spirits held their glad commune,  
And plighted love and truth, along the path,  
The winding path that sought the shady grove,  
Where oft at eve an angel walked with me,  
Reluctant memory will not point the way.  
And when on bended knee I weeping plead  
For smallest flower of that rose-tinted crown  
I wove in days when visions thronged on me,  
And when I wove heard music in the air,  
She scatters from her hand its withered leaves,  
And turns away.

She seems to-night disguised,  
And wears such aspect that I know her not.  
She is no longer beautiful. The form



Hath laid aside its custom'd queenly grace.  
She hath unsexed herself, and lo ! she stands  
In grave attire a sombre Mercury now  
Before the portals of my saddened soul,  
And ushers in its ivy-curtained rooms  
The pale and sheeted phantoms of my woes !

## THE LOST.

---

How kind they are to come, in sleep,  
When earth is wrapped in silence deep,  
And soothe, with presence soft and mild,  
The weary temples of their child.

How good to leave unswept the wires  
Of gold, which grace their angel lyres,  
And breathe love-burthened lays divine  
Across a heart so sad as mine.

It is no dream.—I see them now,  
Above my couch, they gently bow,  
As soft in childhood's morn, they came,  
When illness touched my tender frame.

They look not old, (thin veins are rife,  
With gushings from the fount of life)  
But young, as when they joined their lot  
In love, which death divided not.

Their locks are thrown as if to hide  
The scarce seen wings on either side,  
For fear I might not recognize  
Such shining wanderers from the skies.

But memory never could forget  
Those white arched feet so firmly set,  
Which seemed to childhood wondering mien  
Fit only for a Fairy Queen.

'Tis she! beneath its dark brown hair,  
No other brow could shine so fair,  
And with the soul's pure radiance grace  
That soft divinely Grecian face.

That chiselled head—that clear profile,  
That living intellectual smile,  
Those soft blue eyes,—that voice which stirs  
My inmost soul, they all are hers.

“ My child,” what tones of love profound  
[Earth hath not now so sweet a sound]  
“ Let grief no more corrode thy breast  
And break thy sainted mother’s rest.

“ My stricken darling ! mourn her not,  
“ But be contented with thy lot ;  
“ Let all thy life be good and pure,  
“ And teach thy spirit to endure.”

And who is he, with visage bland,  
Who holds in his, her slender hand ?  
A mien so free, a heart so true,  
This clouded earth sure never knew.

Ah ! memory were more faithless yet,  
Could she that hallowed form forget,  
That mild benignant brow, which smiled,  
Such constant kindness on his child.

He speaks, and to each tender tone  
My soul returns impassioned moan,  
While shades of bright but fleeting years,  
Are mirrored darkly in my tears.

“My daughter,”—oh! that thrilling word,  
My heart is quivering like a bird  
Through which, while breasting stormy skies  
The archer’s gilded arrow flies.

“My daughter,”—ah! a thick’ning flight  
Of sobs break through the bars of night  
While all its floods of tear-drops roll,  
Upheaving from my billowy soul.

They stain the loving hands which now  
Would calm the aching of my brow,  
While fast their shining features grow  
O’ershadowed with terrestrial woe.

They cannot brook so sad a sight,  
On wavering wings they take their flight,  
They seek again the Eternal throne,  
And I am left alone—alone.

## TO A BELOVED POET.

---

As Auster breathing on the stately palm,  
That upward soars, like the thoughts of pious men,  
Its pliant leaves low-drooping in the calm,  
Doth wake to melody—so thou again  
The long-mute chords of my lone heart hast made  
To quiver with such strains of music rare  
That never from my memory they may fade,  
But, blessing me, must always linger there.

Oh poet, whence to thee this boon ? Wast thou  
With Ariadne on the Naxian isle,  
When sorrow's plumes cast shadows on her brow,  
And grief disrobed her lips of their sweet smile ?  
Did thy sad spirit hear her plaintive moan,  
Her pensive sighs, with ocean's music blent ?  
Methinks unto thy sweet, heart-thrilling tone  
Her dirge some portion of its power hath lent !

Wast thou in Ida's leaf-embowered grove,  
With bold Anchises, when the Goddess came,  
Fair ocean-born all radiant in her love,  
Who lights on altars fit the hallowed flame ?  
Didst note her luscious lips how dewy seemed,  
How on her neck warm auburn ringlets fell,  
Her passion-fed entrancing eyes how gleamed,  
How gently rose her bosom's billowy swell ?

Her pearl-white rounded arms, her flexile waist  
With wooing cestus girt in wanton fold,  
Soft, lovely limbs, 'neath flowing garments traced,  
Symmetrical, voluptuous in their mould ;

These beauties seen unto thy verse impart,  
Oh! Venus-favored bard, its melting flow,  
To fondest rapture moving every heart,  
In throbbing bosoms kindling up a glow.

Long years ago, when golden moonbeams played  
In liquid showers on Ilium's citadel,  
Ere vengeful Greeks their armies had arrayed  
Or wild Cassandra shrieked its funeral knell—  
Wast thou old Priam's guest, and didst thou hear  
His spacious halls and corridors along  
Delicious music stealing on thy ear,  
Whose echoes sweet yet linger in thy song.

When to the past, oh bard, thy spirit turns,  
To ruins marking where proud temples stood,  
To mouldering tombs and melancholy urns,  
To cities crumbling in their solitude,  
And gathers thence thy inspiration fine—  
Thy magic verses then such power possess,  
That every heart, with sighs as sad as thine,  
Doth pulsate back to thee thy mournfulness.



When with high thoughts thy soul exultant thrills,  
And thy bold strains like martial music rise,  
Our fervent breasts a strange, wild frenzy fills,  
From pulse to pulse the leaping ardor flies ;  
When glowing tones upon thy golden lyre,  
As soft, as warm as maidens' blushes dwell,  
Then burn a thousand hearts with love's own fire,  
With ecstasy a thousand bosoms swell.

## A D D I E .

---

THE daughters of my father's house—

They were not over fair ;

But one of them had loving eyes,

And soft and shining hair.

Her cheek was like the pale blush rose,

Her smile was like the sun,

Her brow—it was the fairest thing,

You ever looked upon.

She floated like a fairy sylph,  
Along the joyous dance ;  
An angel-soul was on her brow,  
And heaven was in her glance.

Her foot was like the tiny wing,  
That bears a tiny bird ;  
Her voice was like its carolling,  
Among the myrtles heard.

I would that you had seen her when,  
The loveliest of them all,  
She glided through the happy band,  
That filled my father's hall.

She was the darling little lamb,  
Our mother most caressed ;  
And I,—I loved her as the soul,  
That sorrows in my breast.

She was the jewel in the chain  
That bound me to this earth,  
The last sweet memory of the reign,  
Of childhood and of mirth.

The shrine on which my spirit laid  
Its frankincense and myrrh,  
And I can never love again,  
As I have worshipped her.;

But she is sleeping sadly now,  
Where willow leaflets fall,  
And long green grasses wildly wave  
Around my father's hall.

## THE VANISHED RACE.

---

I KNEW a palace throned upon a hill,  
The marble beauty of its columned front  
In mellow moon-light gleamed, or flashed the rays  
Of lustrous suns across a lovely vale.  
And gliding up from many an altar-hearth,  
That valley back returned blue incense clouds,  
Which wreathed its dome with soft transparency.  
Around its shining walls there stretched a soft  
And horizontal twilight of old oaks,  
Disturbed by pyramids of ash and trains  
Of trembling poplars, whence through the long lapse

Of summer's loveliness, unbroken tides  
Of music gushed around its lofty towers—  
The richest orisons from golden orioles,  
The guileful mocking-bird's inconstant lay,  
And tender requiems by the ill-starred dove.  
Nor less entrancing at its granite base,  
There the low sweet farewells of silver waves,  
Which cleared the steep declivity of green  
To perish in the vale below.

When far,  
And free rung out across the dusky earth,  
The crystal notes of Eve's bright clarion star,  
In sportive arcalade upon its proud  
And Parian turrets, sprang the swift winged troops  
Of silent air ; while many a gentle flower  
Beneath the laurel thicket smiled applause,  
And crowned the marching night-winds with per-  
fume.

There twilight loved to wave her purple flag,  
And morning's raptured soul, in golden tears,  
Dissolved upon her emerald throne. Soft Spring  
With earliest garlands, bound its beauteous vase,  
And there bright Autumn stayed her rainbow car.  
It was a Paradise between the earth,  
And heaven—a stainless shrine, which ever rose

In lovely cleavage of the eagle's realm,  
Like some eternal monument to man.  
For through that marble pile, moved graceful forms  
Who led the round of bright existence there.

They were a race, which might have spurned a  
throne ;

Its daughters all were women chaste and fair,  
And all the sons were proud and princely men.  
And there was happiness like Isis veiled,  
For evening's violet cloud went floating off,  
Rich, with spoil of laughter's silvery sound.  
Those vaulted chambers echoed carolled glee  
From mirth-eyed maiden-hood, the shining curls  
Of frail infancy lit their curtained gloom,  
And like a tender dream the fair young bird  
Stole through the twilight corridors, with steps  
Soft as the notes of serenading flutes,  
And musical as love toned virginals.  
They twined May flowers beneath the dark old oaks  
To grace a night-haired maiden's regal brow ;  
Out on the distant slope a stripling sat,  
And built his palace dream of future fame.  
The low deep sounds of love were whispered there,  
And Beauty blushed to hear that she was fair.

The youthful father taught his children's tasks,  
The mother syllabled their names in prayer ;  
While girdled by a tripled chain of love,  
Was seen the hallowed head of silver hair.

I knew that cloud-crowned palace long ago,  
But Change and Grief, since then, have stalked  
In wretched triumph through its arches proud,  
And swept away its lovely denizens.  
One wreathed her brow with laurel leaves and died,  
And one like Mercy went to Paynim shores ;  
But far the saddest fate, of all, befell  
That pale-browed dreamer of renown, who gave  
His blighted spirit to a distant clime ;  
For one was buried with his country's brave,  
And one green native to her Senate Hall,  
Another bore her banner on the wave ;  
Yet most sailed down the Stygian tide of death.  
The last, a lovely relique fled its halls,  
And like a shadowed star roamed o'er the earth.  
But still, they say, that hill-throned mansion rears  
Its alabastrian turrets to the sky  
In strange communion with the mystic stars,  
Which down upon the passer by it sends  
A mournful ordnance lone, which sweeps the soul  
With aching memories of that vanished race.



## I LOVE NO MORE.

---

I pour my spirit's urn of wine  
On fair Apollo's music-shrine,  
And weave for him, with tender art,  
The choicest chaplets of my heart.  
At last, his soft seducing lyre  
Relumes my soul's extinguished fire ;  
And wins the worship, deep and wild,  
It lavished on a sightless child.  
I join the proud exulting throng,  
(143)

Who peal his deathless praise along ;  
With olive buds, I wreath my lance,  
And gaily thrid the mystic dance.  
The echoes of my trembling shell  
Throughout his vaulted arches swell,  
I bind, with bay, his beauteous brows,  
And bending breathe my burning vows.  
No more Love's silver cord shall bind  
My spirit's swift impetuous wind,  
Free, free, it leaps, from shore to shore,  
I love no more—I love no more.

As on the Naxian's vine-clad isle,  
Lone Ariadne wept awhile,  
Then, to the grape god's stern control,  
Surrendered all her tender soul ;  
So let me drink the glittering rill,  
Which hallows Heliconia's hill,  
And I will plight a faith more true,  
Than e'er the idol-goblet knew :  
She clasped her temples with the vines,  
Held sacred to the lover's shrines,  
And I should bear a wreathen brow,  
Like him, who claims my homage now.  
The fairest myrtle fades away,  
Give, give to me the immortal bay.

Weep Cupid, tyrant, thus, to see  
Thy tortured captive free, free, free,  
Aye weep, thy reign of sighs is o'er,  
I love no more, I love no more.

Yes, free, for never till to-night,  
My spirit sprang so' gay and light,  
To guide the wheeling tempest-cars,  
And winnow waves of twining stars.  
Sure he, whose name I dared invoke,  
At once from witching slumber broke,  
And in one thrilling nectar wave,  
The pledge of future rapture gave.  
Upon my dreaming spirit floats  
A silver tide of astral notes ;  
Not Alceus lyre nor Procne's tongue  
Such music breathed, such music sung :  
There seems a thick ambrosial cloud,  
My taper's midnight ray, to shroud,  
And break in sparkling dewy rings,  
Beneath the dash of whirring wings.  
My joyful pulses madly start,  
Delicious transports throng my heart—  
It seems as though on thought I trod—  
The rushing god ! the rushing god !

A leaf! a leaf! one sybil leaf!

Quick, quick, the god's response is brief,

I scrawl, his awful voice is this—

“ Plunge not in Love's profound abyss.

“ I, *I* will teach your plume to soar,

But love no more, oh ! love no more.”

## MEMORIAL TO MRS. ANNA BIBB.

---

SHALL we see thee no more ? Shall we see thee no more ?

With the sheen of thy beautiful brow,  
And thy pearl-tinted cheek mantling momentarily o'er,  
With the pink of the blooming peach-bough ?

Will thy dulcimer voice never murmur again  
Through the depths of thy spirit's repose,  
Like the notes of that night-bird who carrols her strain  
From the crimson-hued heart of the rose ?

Ah ! they tell me those accents of musical mirth  
Have been hushed by the spell of the tomb ;  
That thine angel-like spirit hath floated from earth,  
In the flush of its beauty and bloom.

We shall see thee no more as that singular smile  
Came wreathing thy bright lips apart,  
So ineffably sweet, that its light could beguile  
Every grief from the moodiest heart.

Thou hast faded away, as the white lilly dies  
'Midst the radiance of summer's bright zone,  
And I deem thou art wreathing a harp in the skies,  
For I know that an angel has flown.

Oh ! how swiftly and sadly from life's fairy chain  
Fall the jewels which made it so bright,  
And how mournfully glimmer the few that remain,  
Through the teardrops that darken our sight.

And the world seems through shadows of midnight to  
roll  
As its sorrowful mazes I tread,  
For they quenched a sweet planet, that shone in my  
soul  
When they laid thee away with the dead.

Ah ! but few could this world's crowded thoroughfare  
show,

Who to me were so lovely and dear ;  
And my spirit would fain weave the wealth of her wo  
In a garland of song for thy bier.

But how faint are the chords, that I tremblingly strike,  
And how worthless their music appears,  
For my heart and my lyre are breaking alike,  
As they flow in the language of tears.

## HUSH MY HEART.

---

HUSH, my heart, thy wild commotion,  
Hearest thou not the Savior's voice,  
Stealing on the stormy ocean,  
Bidding every wave rejoice?  
Break not now with vain repining,  
Burst from sorrow's cumbrous shroud,  
See, the star of peace is shining—  
Shining through a sable cloud.

Each rebellious murmur bridle,  
Freely every gift resign,  
Cling not to thy perished idol,  
When a Savior's love is thine.



Let the flow of grief's dark river,  
Lave no more the silent sod;  
Rise and seek the fair forever,  
Where the angels worship God.

Had He left to thee thy treasure,  
Thou hadst loved this happy earth;  
And for dreams of fleeting pleasure,  
Bartered thy celestial birth.  
And thy worship might have madly  
Drawn an angel, earthward, down;  
While the blue sky sorrowed sadly  
For the starlight of her crown.

Hush ! the voice of thy Redeemer  
Stills the billows raging high;  
While he paints a rainbow streamer  
On the canvass of the sky,  
See, that brow of fadeless beauty  
Girds thee with undying love;  
Follow thou the path of duty,  
Leading to the bliss above.

Let this world forsake and shun thee  
And thy brightest hopes decay,  
With that look of love upon thee,  
Toil and grief will flee away.  
Let thy bitter teardrops cluster,  
Soon they shall from earth arise,  
Like a cloud of sacred lustre,  
Treasured in the tranquil skies.

Joy ! my heart ! this world's dark river  
Laves a city's shining walls,  
Where the star-gemmed domes forever  
Ring with holy festivals.  
And thou shalt, in that dominion,  
When the war with life is done,  
Wave at length thy conquering pinion,  
In the presence of the Son.

## THE FOUNTAIN AND THE TREE.

---

I SAW a sparkling fountain—a fountain clear and  
cold—

Upon a sombre mountain, a mountain grey and old ;  
Beside this fount I saw an oak of stately trees the king,  
Whose leafy boughs had thrilled for years with songs  
that zephyrs sing.

It sent its vig'rous roots far down where limpid waters  
flow,

And quaffed its draughts of liquid life in cooling halls  
below.

In jets of beauty gushed the fount from out the verdant  
earth,

In joy sped on its tiny streams rejoicing in their birth ;  
(153)

Now leaping bright in morning's light, loud laughing  
in their flow,

Or gliding in the moon-lit night, with murmurs sad and  
low.

When blushed Aurora o'er the mount, when matin  
breezes played

'Mid rosy bowers of dewy flowers, or in the valley  
strayed ;

When noon tide winds to lillies fair in lovers' accents  
low

Told gentle words of constant love, which mortals never  
know ;

And when the weary sun went down, when twilight's  
hour was nigh,

When crimson hues glowed soft upon the mellow evening  
sky,

Then God's own singers thronged the boughs of that  
old monarch tree,

And warbling sang in tuneful choir their hymns of  
melody.

Then gaily foamed the silvery fount, and sparkled in its  
glee ;

Then bound on the rivulets all bounding fast and free.

O, would that fount might ever flow from out its secret  
source !

O, would its streams might ever glide delighting in their  
course !

But things of joy must fade away like those of grief  
and woe,

And only one sweet day of joy earth's fairest objects  
know.

Bright rainbows arch the glowing clouds one moment,  
then are gone,

And modest dew-drops on the mead one hour of beau-  
ty own.

The restless brook with rippling waves in caverns dark  
and deep,

In whose broad halls from visions hid the blue-eyed  
Naiads sleep,

With wayward current changed its course in other  
caves to glide,

And ne'er again the fountain filled, no more its streams  
supplied.

When in his golden chariot the sun rode in the sky,  
Its beams kissed not that fountain, its secret springs  
were dry.

Thus desolate the aged tree could have no vigor now,  
And fresh no more its branch could be, and green no  
more its bough.

To sighing winds it gave its leaves and withered on  
apace ;

Low murmurs trembled 'mid its top, it tottered to its  
base ;

And when the storm-king blew his trump it fell with  
fearful crash,

As sinks beneath the woodman's axe the lordly moun-  
tain ash.

I saw an aged trembling man of three-score years or  
more,

His eye was dim, his cheek was wan, his footsteps slow  
and sore.

The gentle wind that cooled his brow but few grey  
hairs could find,

Where hope in joyous days of youth her fragrant lau-  
rel twin'd.

I saw a little smiling girl who called this man her sire ;  
Upon her brow gleamed many a curl, her eye as spark-  
ling fire !

At morn, at noon, in starry night, she sat close by his  
side,

And prattled on that lovely child, and gave the old  
man pride.

He clung to life to see her smiles, to listen to her glee,  
That not one ill might pale her cheek, or mar her gayety.  
But brightest eyes their glances cease, and sweetest lips  
their songs,

And in this life to gentlest hearts the saddest doom belongs.

Of all the roses in the vale the queen the earliest dies,  
And earth's best spirits plume their wings the soonest  
for the skies.

Death waved his deadly cypress branch dark o'er that  
laughing one ;

She smiled no more, her joy was o'er, her bud of life  
unblown !

She sank to rest upon the heart of that old trembling  
man,

And he caressed, and sadly pressed that hand so cold  
and wan.

From that dear fount, whose music thrilled his heart  
like lyric lays,

No more sweet cups of pure delight his aged hands  
could raise.

Then dreary grew the night to him, and darkly dawned  
the day,

And sighs of grief in evening winds he seemed to hear  
alway !

Thus desolate his life's sad harp one lonely pæan poured,  
Then willingly from earth to God the old man's spirit  
soared.



## THE PERSIAN BRIDE.

---

SEE, Kuldah, if thy lord returns,  
If on the hill his morion burns ;  
The solstice sunbeams fiercely play—  
He lingers in the hunt to-day :

Muezzin's call to mid-day prayer  
Floats solemn through the sultry air ;  
But ah ! my heart forgets to pray  
When Cassim wanders thus away.

Oh ! for one note of that wild shell,  
Whose silver sounds, I love so well ;  
List, Kuldah, if their echoes fill  
With sweetness not the silent hill ;  
See if his crested courser train,  
Winds proudly not across the plain,  
And like a star upon its van,  
With flashing sheath and ataghan,  
My Cassim's presence shines not there,  
The fairest of a hundred fair.

How redly glows the tropic sky,  
How hushed the distant waters lie,  
It seems as though a simoon's wing  
Slept silently on every thing.  
The palms like weary eaglets droop,  
See how my fragile lillies stoop ;  
Bereft of morning's lucid dew  
Like me they pine and languish too..  
I'll gather one pale shrinking bell,  
Its mournful beauty suits me well ;  
And guard with kind, yet futile art,  
This fleeting portrait of my heart.  
And oh ! that Allah, from above,

When life hath lost the light of love,  
Would mark the fading of the flower,  
That bloomed awhile in Cassim's bower ;  
And ere the sweetness all be fled,  
Which once its wilting petals shed,  
Would grant, that Azrael's wing, unfurled,  
Might waft them from a dreary world.

Think you, dear Kuldah, that I prize  
These marble floors of thousand dyes,  
This palace hall—these graven panes,  
Whose crimson tint the sunbeam stains,  
These costly gems a lover's pride,  
Hath showered upon his Persian bride—  
Think you that they had chained me here,  
Had Cassim not himself been dear.

Ah ! no, there is a land afar,  
Whose brightness made my morning star,  
Whose deathless memories oft control  
The visions of my dreaming soul.  
And there on music's silver wings  
His passioned soul the bulbul flings,  
And till the day-dawn faintly glows,

Beguiles from sleep, the blushing rose.  
There glowing bends the clustering vine,  
Whence Shiray draws her purple wine,  
And fairy barques and barges break  
The mirror of her moonlit lake.

The gorgeous realm of Kurreem Kahn  
Bright as a rainbow's jewelled span  
With all its light—without its tears  
It arches o'er my childhood's years.  
In those soft shades full many a bird  
And silver stream is sweetly heard,  
And all were bright and blest and fair,  
If only Cassim wandered there.

Why comes he not? It is not day  
Without his dark eye's sunny ray;  
A gloomy sadness veils the hall,  
Thy lute hangs idly on the wall,  
My bright-winged birdling charms me not,  
The fountain sorrows in the grot,  
And weary, weary is my brow,  
See, Kuldah, if he comes not now.

'Tis past the hour when from the sport  
His steed is wont to tramp the court,  
And Cassim yield the gilded rein  
To wear himself a softer chain.  
'Tis past the hour when in the hall  
Rings proud and free his quick foot fall,  
And like a planet on the night  
His bright brow bursts upon my sight.  
How like a god he bends awhile  
To greet his Zalma's eager smile  
Who ruffles back with anxious care  
His brow's dark veil of raven hair,  
And then, where all her treasure lies  
Her soul dives down those glorious eyes,  
And through the sea of rapture swims  
Which floats within their shadowed brims.

Where is he now, by what cool stream,  
Do those white eyelids closing dream ?  
Say what pomegranite's envious bough  
Bends blushing o'er her slumbers now,  
Vain thing, tis Zalma's task to keep  
Sole vigil o'er her lover's sleep.

Hark ! Kuldah, heard you not that note ?  
It seemed to cleave an angel's throat ;  
So wildly clear, so sweetly loud  
It floated from the cliff's white cloud.  
Look, Kuldah, say what ails thine eye,  
Do you not see bright banners fly,  
And down beneath the olive's dun  
A flash of armour like the sun ?  
*I see, I see, a dancing plume*  
Break brightly through the leafy gloom,  
And ripple down the mountain height  
Like some wild comet through the night.  
'Tis Cassim's crest, fly ! Kuldah, fly !  
And bid his banner flout the sky !  
Wave gaily from his palace dome,  
Thy gallant chieftain's welcome home.

'Tis he, I catch the lustre now,  
Which flushes round his brilliant brow,  
He sees me, look, he waves his hand  
And leaves behind the tardy band,  
His bright eye burns, his red lip glows.

See, see, another kiss he throws.  
And mark, how swift his winged steed  
A sun-crowned storm flies o'er the mead,  
And each wild tramp with matchless art  
Keeps pace with Zalma's bounding heart.

## IN THE BOWER.

---

How softly to rapture this zephyr beguiles,  
How balmy with odors from ocean's sweet isles !

Yon crescent of heaven shines queen of the night,  
It gleams through the lattice, how golden its light !

While trembles my fond heart with beams from thine  
eyes,

I'll give thee a flower, young lover's best prize.



'Tis summer's first rose-bud, its petals how fair !  
Then twine it, my own love, amid thy dark hair.

Its freshness will wither, its perfume depart,  
But always thy beauty will bloom in my heart.

When youth 'mid thy tresses no longer may toy,  
And time from thy bosom has gathered its joy ;

When lost is the luster thy pure orbs now own,  
And graces of girlhood are faded and flown ;

In memory's mirror these bright stars will shine,  
Again on my bosom thy form will recline ;

Once more the young crescent will 'lumine thy brow,  
And I, in this bower, will murmur my vow !

## I LOVE BUT THEE.

---

I LOVE thee, yet beneath thine eye,  
My trembling soul grows hushed and still,  
As when beneath the moonlit sky,  
The waves of ocean mutely thrill.  
I have not then a monotone  
To murmur in thy listening ear,  
For silence builds her shadowy cone,  
Upon my spirit's dreaming sphere,  
But down beneath my being's swell,  
With tender cadence soft and free,  
A mermaid winds her silver shell—  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

I love thee, though I cannot breathe,  
In lingual tones, a single vow,  
But in my heart, the sea-elves wreath  
Bright coral garlands for thy brow.  
And though I seem so cold and proud,  
When thou art bending at my shrine,  
My soul's chill waters ever shroud  
A wreath of pearls, whose light is thine.  
And soft amid the festive throng,  
There floats across my spirit's sea,  
A measure like a halcyon's song—  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

I love thee, though when thou art near,  
I turn away my conscious head,  
And blanch, as though with fright, to hear  
The simple music of thy tread.  
But through my spirit's fountain caves  
Then swiftly shoots love's purple foam,  
Suffusing all the spell-bound waves,  
With radiant colors, soft and warm.  
And on my soul's wide waste there springs  
One living fountain, fresh and free,  
Which through its briny billows sing,  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

I love thee ; thou art like the star,  
Which leads the silver host of night,  
And flings across the ocean far,  
A lengthening line of living light.  
And as that star's transcendent gleam,  
The truthful ocean, back, returns,  
So does my soul reflect the beam,  
Which fills thine eye's pure planet urns.  
And fain would those soft wavelets rise,  
And back in one glad burst of glee,  
But on my life the anthem dies—  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

I love thee, and bright memories flash  
Across my heart, when thou art gone,  
As ocean's phosphor billows dash  
Beneath the midnight's sable zone.  
And yet I know such love is vain,  
A dream which soon will glimmer by,  
How can the lowly wavelet claim  
The starry splendor of the sky ?  
But as the sea's wild surges beat,  
Forever, round some proud palm-tree,  
My spirit murmurs round thy feet,  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

Thou wilt forget me, other eyes  
Will win the worship of thy heart,  
And like a cloud of gorgeous dyes,  
Thy presence from my sky depart.  
And hope within my spirit sighs,  
As vision so divine, to lose,  
And like the withering dolphin dies  
Amid a thousand rainbow hues.  
And sad and low those echoes float  
Across my heart's deserted sea,  
As though a tear quenched every note—  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

I'M LONELIEST IN A CROWD.

---

WHEN, mid the busy haunts of men  
The waves of life around me roll,  
Then memory links her darkest chain  
And sorrow broods upon my soul.  
When from the festive hall I hear  
The sounds of laughter gay and loud,  
Like funeral bells they strike mine ear—  
I'm loneliest in a crowd.

When with the young, the gay, the fair,  
I wander forth with hope to lose  
My youthful spirit's age of care  
And brighten up its faded hues,  
Then most amid their rainbow forms  
I feel my stricken spirit bowed  
And memory rouses sleeping storms—  
I'm loneliest in a crowd.

Oh ! give to me the silent night  
Its starry musings lone and still  
The streamlet's soft sequestered flight  
The solemn moon communing hill.  
I cannot see a human face  
But round it winds the pale white shroud,  
And Death seems robed in forms of grace,  
I'm loneliest in a crowd.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

---

ON my desolate track once the beautiful shone  
Like a star that had stolen from Heaven's bright zone ;  
But she melted in beauty and mystery away,  
Like a rainbow's frail pinion of sunlight and spray.

I caught for a moment but one lightning glance  
Of her form as it wreathed through the festival dance,  
Like the waving of boughs stept the graceful and free,  
Like the bending of blossoms above the blue sea.



There were hundreds around her, the young and the fair,  
But none with such singular brightness of hair,  
It twined and it floated in many a curl  
Like a chaplet of gold round a pillar of pearl.

And none with such smiles of angelical grace  
That showering fell from her marvellous face,  
Like the long streaming plumes of a Paradise bird,  
Or the strings of a harp which the zephyrs have stirred.

I sought her again,—but the faultless had fled  
Like a swan down the stream, like a star which hath  
sped,

And I sought her no more, for I knew such a flower  
On the stem of a century would bloom but an hour.

## TO MY LYRE.

---

COME, come, my lyre, come back to me,  
'Tis long since I, thy strings have tried ;  
Though thou hast filled my heart with glee,  
When other friends have left my side.  
Though sad hath sometimes been thy lay,  
And woven of sorrow's sable thread,  
Thou never wert so false as they,  
Whose fitful friendship swiftly fled.  
(176)

Though others may have bidden me,  
To weep in silence and alone,  
I never poured my heart on thee,  
But that there came an answer tone.  
And thou hast never wooed that heart,  
To render up its richest gem,  
That thou might'st, like a chief, depart,  
And wear it in thy diadem.

When wild misfortune's wintry wing  
Dispersed the summer's heartless throng,  
It only won from thy torn string,  
A sadder, though a deeper song.  
And thou hast never been unkind,  
Although it were a trifling art,  
To steal the few faint roses twined,  
Around a sad sepulchral heart.

No, no, 'tis I who have been false,  
To bid thy tender murmurs die,  
Or faint in Memory's funeral vaults,  
The half-formed echoes of a sigh.

But I repent my cherished lyre,  
Thy silent chords once more I wreathe,  
Come sparkle with celestial fire,  
And one immortal measure breathe.

The cold deriding world will deem  
Thy song a light unmeaning scroll,  
But ah ! 'twill give a deathless dream,  
Of rapture to my cheerless soul.  
Nor care I though thy murmurs wild,  
As fleeting and forgot may be,  
As May-wreaths which a simple child,  
Flings idly on the foaming sea.

And when my fingers fail, in death,  
At last, to sweep thy quivering wire,  
I care not though thine every breath,  
Should on oblivious breast expire.  
So I but string, in yonder sky,  
A harp, whose soft melodious tone  
Shall never breathe an earthly sigh  
Around the great Eternal Throne.

## ZION.

---

LIFT, Zion, lift thy beauteous head,  
No more in dust and sorrow bow,  
Up through the aisles of mercy tread,  
And pay thy God thy promised vow.  
See o'er the hills thy Day Star rise,  
The heavy shades of night have fled,  
A rainbow spans the brightening skies—  
Lift, Zion, lift thy beauteous head.

No more, thou daughter of a King,  
Thou shalt in grief and mourning go,  
Put on thy festal robes, and sing  
Of triumph to thy vanquished foe.  
No more his foot shall trample thee,  
Nor thou in captive chains be led,  
For God, thy God hath made thee free,  
Lift, Zion, lift thy lovely head.

No changeling child of earth art thou,  
Bride of our Sovereign's only Son ;  
Bright, pure and spotless is the brow,  
Which hath a heavenly Lover won.  
Then wreathe, with myrtles, thy gold hair,  
Hear, hear thy Lover's stately tread,  
His voice like music thrills the air,  
Lift, Zion, lift thy glorious head.

## LINES

FOR THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE 1st  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN MEMPHIS.

---

LET us lay our Corner Stone,  
Let us lay it broad and fair,  
With the organ's pealing tone,  
And the melody of prayer.  
On this fair and goodly plain,  
Which the swarthy savage trod,  
We will rear a stately fane  
To the great and living God.

Let us lay its corner stone,  
And the people here shall throng,  
And his boundless bounty own,  
In a shout of sacred song.  
For He builded yonder dome,  
Where the stars of Freedom shine,  
And our mighty rivers roam  
Through a land of milk and wine.

Let us lay our Corner Stone;  
Though the builders threw it by,  
It was quarried from a Throne,  
In the adamantine sky.  
And the fabric which shall spring  
On the surface of this rock,  
Shall not fear the lightning's wing,  
Nor the whirlwind's fearful shock.

Let us lay our Corner Stones,  
While we bend in fervent prayer,  
In our spirit's mystic zones,  
Let us lay them broad and fair.



And these deathless souls of ours,  
Shall in future triumph rise,  
Like this temple's holy towers,  
Through the radiance of the skies.

## TO A BIRD.

---

SOAR away, trembling bird, to thine own starry home,  
I would not imprison thee here,  
Go dash with thy pinion the light fleecy foam,  
Which crests the deep blue atmosphere.

Go, sing through the clear crystal arch of the sky,  
Thy music so varying and wild,  
And join with the seraphine chaunting on high,  
Hymns of praise to the great Undeified.

I would not that Earth should thy gay plumage stain  
Fly away like a carol of glee,  
For I have been bound by Calamity's chain,  
But thy wing, bonny bird, shall be free.

Oh ! this world is a mixture of gladness and gloom,  
An altar of hearts at the best,  
Where some must in flames like aroma consume,  
That incense may float round the rest.

And the victor who tramps through the long stately  
street,  
In triumph and martial array,  
Regards not the flowers that fast round his feet,  
In odours, are dying away.

But never, thou birdling, thy throat's silver song  
Shall gladden the heartless and vain,  
Whose bosoms, with thrillings of rapture could throng,  
To a breaking heart's musical strains.

No, music should never be captive, but free  
As the spheres of the infinite sky,  
Whose anthems float down to the blue bounding sea,  
Back billowing her joyous reply.

And the sheen of thy pinion is chainless to claim  
Its heritage starry and blue,  
To burst through the air, like a fetterless flame,  
Or wander dim forest aisles through.

Then fly, like a prayer from the heart's secret core,  
Go, melt in yon white rolling cloud ;  
And I would that my spirit, as sinless, might soar,  
At last, to the throne of her God.

## PHILIPPI.

---

WITHIN the tent of Brutus strode  
The murdered Emperor's shade,  
Still crimson with the blood that flowed,  
When Brutus plunged his blade.  
But ah ! the look of love had fled  
Which wrapped that pallid brow,  
When pierced with anguish Cæsar said,  
" Oh ! Brutus is it thou ?"  
The sad reproachful glance was gone,  
For vengeance filled his eye,  
And dread was that sepulchral tone—  
" We meet at Phillippi."

The night-wind wailed, a lonely wail,  
The taper glimmered blue,  
And Fear, himself, looks not more pale,  
Than guilty Brutus grew.  
For Conscience put on armor there,  
And in the midnight hour,  
He who could face a million men,  
Confessed her sovereign power.  
“What art thou demon—friend or foe?”  
The spirit gave reply,  
“I am thine evil genius, know,  
“We meet at Phillippi.”

That voice had lost the tenderness,  
In other days, it bore  
For him, who loved not Cæsar less,  
But Rome *so much* the more.  
It struck now, like a thunder clang,  
Upon his reeling brain,  
And three and twenty red mouths rang  
A fearful chorus strain.

And yet 'twas Cæsar, he alone  
    Could claim that bearing high,  
Though stern, and strange his farewell tone,  
    “ We meet at Philippi.”

Like some wild dream, the shadow fled,  
    For morning flushed the sky,  
And as the living meet the dead,  
    They met at Philippi.  
It was a challenge, bold and rare,  
    To brave that bloody plain,  
For all were gallant Romans there,  
    The slayer and the slain.  
And through their ranks that martial shade  
    Seemed, like a god, to fly,  
And blunt each traitor's blood-stained blade  
    Which flashed at Philippi.

But most it seemed to hang, the while,  
    Around the flag unfurled,  
Of him, who gave for Beauty's smile  
    The empire of the world.  
Soft Antony in thy laurel crown  
    It placed its brightest gem,  
And Cæsar, for thy lordly frown

It won, a diadem.  
But Cassius, thou lean conqueror when  
The Ides of March rolled by,  
Blood stained thy steel—'twas Cæsar's thine,  
'Tis thine at Philippi.

Oh ! Julius Cæsar, mighty yet,  
Amid the ranks of war,  
Not in the capitol could set  
Thy glorious natal star.  
Still o'er the battle-field it streams,  
A terror to thy foes,  
As gorgeous in its setting beams,  
As when it first arose.  
For Brutus played the noblest part  
Beneath that red March sky,  
And on his sword, he pierced his heart,  
At fearful Philippi.



## A STARLIGHT CHAUNT.

---

Liquid opal showers glide  
From the dew's baptismal urn,  
Lambent flames of sacred fire  
On the night's blue altars burn.  
And the soul of music floats  
Down her arches dim and grey,  
From the gentle lutelike throats,  
Quivering on the myrtle spray.  
With those airy notes, let us,  
Through the mystic starlight stroll,  
For a dewy cloud of joy  
Breaks in brightness on my soul.

How the fairy minstrel flowers  
Render through this leafy gloom,  
Low responses to the birds,  
In a chorus of perfume.  
From those ringing odour-bells  
Gush a thousand rosy dreams,  
And one valley in a bath  
Of pellucid beauty seems.  
It is not a night, when Thought  
Should, a restless maniac, rave  
Down that gloomy vale, which leads  
To the treasure loving grave.

It is true, that we have wept,  
Who that dwells on earth has not?  
But we will not think, to-night,  
On the sorrows of our lot.  
Let us wreathe, of planet rays,  
Festive garlands for our souls,  
Till the morn her glorious light  
On their shadowed beauty rolls.  
For my heart is, like a dove,  
Brooding on the dreaming earth,  
And it glides to Him, whose love  
Breathed its beauty into birth.

Dost thou hear that tender flute,  
Thrilling silence on her throne ?  
Does not all our perished Youth  
Tremble on each semitone.  
Golden pinioned moments rich  
With the freight of partial praise—  
Do they not sail back to thee,  
On the bosom of its lays ?  
All our childhood's summer nights,  
With the cherished and the lost,  
Ere they flamed into the skies,  
In one fearful holocaust ?

But we must not weep to-night,  
Through the blue Cathedral dome,  
Not a sigh must, from one heart,  
Like an unblest spirit, roam.  
For this hoary priestal earth,  
And the choral stars above  
Shout, in antiphonic tones,  
Shout the tender theme of love.  
And concordant strains, as soft,  
From our spirits should exude,  
As the breathing breezes now  
Peopling purple solitude.

So we will not weep to-night,  
While this grand musician earth,  
Through the golden starlight peals  
Hymnic chaunts of sacred mirth.  
We will breathe of gladness too—  
From the temple of the heart,  
All its glorious forms do not,  
With the funeral trains, depart.  
Some remain ; and while we rear  
Silver shrines to God-like Truth,  
Memory's ivy crowns the gold  
Caryatidis of Youth.

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

---

A MAIDEN sat at eventide  
Beside a flowing stream—  
Majestic stream, with flowery banks,  
And waves of golden gleam :  
The maiden sure is in a dream,  
Her hazel eyes so pensive beam !

So young, so fair, why sits she there  
With melancholy mien !  
So motionless, her shadow still  
Within the waves is seen :  
The dusky twilight soon will come—  
The maiden then should seek her home.

The maiden dreameth on ; and sad  
The waves' low music swells  
Upon the ambient atmosphere  
With softest cadence dwells :  
Just sad enough the waves' refrain  
To link her thoughts' harmonious chain.

The maiden dreameth on ; and lo !  
Upon the river rides  
A boat of gorgeous golden prow—  
How noiselessly it glides !  
See through the twilight's dark'ning fold,  
How gleams that burnished prow of gold !

Hark ! loud above the waves' refrain,  
In right commanding tone,  
Full tender, yet as proud as if

Demanding but its own,  
A lordly voice the maiden hears  
And these the words that reach her ears :—

“Thou maiden fair of raven hair,  
Of melancholy mien !  
Within my dreams thine eyes' soft beams  
Have long ago been seen :  
I vowed it then to leave my home,  
In quest of thee o'er earth to roam.

“I've kept my vow, roamed o'er the land,  
And sailed upon the stream ;  
My cynosure the hazle-beam  
Years since I gazed on in a dream :  
Oh ! sail with me towards the sea,  
Where wealth and honor wait for thee.

“Where proud baronial lands extend  
Beneath a peaceful sky,  
My palace rears its marble walls  
In grand serenity :  
Within the hall my slaves await  
Thee, maiden, thee to share my state.

“ Wilt come ? If thou wilt be my bride,  
Upon my turrets gray  
The earliest sun will shine and e'er  
The softest moonbeams lay :  
A word, a sign, will e'er command  
All that thy slightest wants demand.”

“ It may not be,” the maiden said ;  
“ Sail on unto the main !  
Not wealth, not power, I crave for dower,  
But heart for heart again,  
Float, golden boat unto the sea :  
And leave me portionless, but free !”

The maiden dreameth on ; again  
Mute, motionless is she ;  
Again the waves' low music swells,  
And soothes her reverie :  
Upon her ear sweet accents fell—  
Her guardian-angel murmured “ Well !”

The maiden dreameth on ; and lo  
Upon the river rides  
A boat, whose keel the waters kiss—



How gracefully it glides !  
Although it boasts not prow of gold,  
Its course how stately doth it hold !

Hark ! chiming with the waves' refrain,  
A voice, as low and sweet  
As music's tone, steals gently on,  
For ear of maiden meet :  
Those wooing words of softest spell  
Her heart within will ever dwell.

"Thou maiden fair of raven hair,  
Of melancholy mien !  
Canst tell me why the des'late swan,  
On lake of silv'ry sheen,  
Though limpid waters lave his breast,  
Will lowly droop his pensive crest ?

"Thou maiden fair, of raven hair,  
Of melancholy mien !  
Canst tell me why the dove doth mourn  
In mead of brightest green ?  
Why plaintive song, the woods among,  
The lonely bird doth e'er prolong ?

“List, maid ! the mystery I solve  
By art that love believes :  
The dove, upon the withered bough  
For absent loved one grieves.  
Apart they mourn in lonesome grove—  
Together live, together love.

“The swan upon the silver lake  
His wand’ring mate doth moan ;  
His shadow is no company—  
His shadow makes him lone.  
Shall I while gliding down this stream,  
Behold a single shadow gleam ?

“See ! one by one bright stars appear  
T’ attest my solemn vow :  
I swear alway to cherish pure  
The love I offer now :  
Oh ! sail with me towards the sea—  
A loving heart awaits but thee.

“Our souls will yield us sigh for sigh,  
While sailing to the sea !  
Our shadows floating on with us,

Shall keep fond company :  
In storm or calm, our hope is love—  
Our trust is in our God above.”

The boat glides down the stream of Life,  
Soft downward to the main ;  
The waves' low music swells aloud  
In tuneful nuptial strain.  
Two souls there love, two shadows gleam :  
God guide the boat safe down the stream !

## THE DEAD MINSTREL.

---

Low lie the tresses of another Year,  
And minstrels strew with song his viewless bier—  
As through the mystic midnight's blue arcades,  
The music of his meteor-pinion fades.  
Earth, Air, the Sea, and heaven's starry shore  
Re-echo wails for him, who sings no more.  
'Tis meet that song should mourn the year, alas !  
Both like the shadow from the dial pass.  
One, swallowed in the glory of an age,  
But dimly lights the grey historic page—  
The cadence of the other's winding shell  
Is scarcely heard, 'mid Life's wild ocean swell.

Ah, often poison fills Fame's flattering breath,  
And poet laurels prove a cypress wreath,  
The Muse is but a syren maid, whose strain  
Will bind her votary with a burning chain,  
Ah, then so rich in sorrow's tone, the lyre  
May well wail round a poet's funeral pyre.  
A fleeting poet! one, who sprang from Time,  
And chanted various lays through every clime.  
The faded year! ah! in his glorious prime,  
The hall of crowded nations saw him rise,  
And crowned with early laurels, improvise.

Sweet was the song of hope, his liquid tongue  
Poured in the glowing bosoms of the young ;  
Gay childhood, dancing through a world of flowers,  
To golden measures led the " smiling hours."  
The stripling, panting for Life's toilsome march,  
Viewed distant rainbows paint the future's arch.  
And haunted by its spell, the maiden fair  
Dreamed dreams as radiant as her own bright hair.  
Low bending o'er his page, the student heard  
The dulcet cadence of his prophet word,  
Saw Fame his triumph on her bulwarks stamp,  
And smiled, and trimmed again his " midnight lamp,"

The careless peasant, wending o'er the mead,  
With whistling rapture hailed Apollo's steed,  
The sceptred king from midnight's astral zone,  
Beheld new splendor blaze around his Throne.  
His cantos to the daring sailor bore  
Some bright-limned picture of the Arctic shore,  
While through the witching strains an accent came,  
Which charmed the statesman like the voice of Fame.

Yet soon, ah ! soon, the halcyon music changed,  
As o'er his harp the lyrist's fingers ranged ;  
The harp, she swept, was strung with human hearts,  
Which mocked the magic of his minstrel arts.  
Some proud heart breaking tears away a wire  
And jars with discord wild his ringing lyre ;  
The night-winds spring from many a lonely vale,  
And teach its shattered clouds a horrid tale.  
The soft sidereal eyes of Night suffuse,  
And bathe their silver with corroding dews ;  
While Ocean from her caves like thunder rolls  
With wails of wrecking barques and sinking souls.  
Ah, swiftly then the bard's young brow grew grave  
As o'er his lyre he bent its nerveless slave.  
Like some magician, crouched in wild surprise,  
Before the fiend his sorceries exorcise.

For lo ! his voice, a strange ventriloquist,  
Now murmured song, and now harsh horrors hissed,  
As struck at once some mighty organ's keys  
Yield all their solemn grandeur to the breeze.

Caught from his lyre, at once his Proteus tongue,  
With rival and coeval measures rung.  
Here swelled the Sabbath's morning's holy chime,  
Here clamored loud the crimson lip of crime.  
Then perished faint the pauper's parting sigh,  
And then the pean of purple wealth rolled by.  
Love, like a violet breathed away her life,  
Upon the raging roar of party strife,  
And sorrow's sigh and terror's dismal yell  
In madness smote the tuneful bridal bell.  
Now Mammon's guileful lay enchants the breeze,  
Which curls the wavelets of Australian seas,  
And now the farewell tones of Freedom came,  
Who fled the prestige of an Emperor's name.  
Now rose the crashing of a shivered spear,  
As Albion bent above a warrior's bier,

And now pale nations fill the funeral train,  
Which sweeps through fair Columbia's starry fane,  
For through the medley rolled, with ceaseless moan,  
The dark Destroyer's master monotone.

No longer young, the flattering harpist wept,  
As o'er his soul the tempest music swept,  
Thought's restless thread a wrinkled fabric weaves  
O'er brows begirt by early laurel leaves  
His sweet voice jangled grew, and day by day,  
His hyacinthine hair waxed thin and grey;  
His full orb'd eyes, with sunsets, lost their fire,  
And palsy numbed the hands that held the lyre.

A dying bard ! his farewell sigh fleets by,  
And thrids the whispering gallery of the sky;  
The trumpet tube of time receives the one,  
And blends it with the voice of ages gone,  
Until the dread archangel's stormy blast  
Shall bid their slumbering echoes wake at last,  
And leap, in thunder peals, from shore to shore,  
" Alas ! Time was, but Time shall be no more."



The perished poet ! his exulting strain  
Hath died upon the midnight's purple plain,  
And as the sleepless stars their vigils keep,  
The harp he swept, another's fingers sweep.  
Yet faithful chroniclers, their lamps, shall burn,  
In quenchless radiance, round his storied urn,  
And crowned with bay-leaves and a broken lyre,  
Where slumber all his race from sire to sire,  
His monumental shatt shall rise, sublime,  
And grace the grand Westminster dome of Time.

## POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

---

What deathless triumph of immortal Thought,  
Hath the skilled sculptor's sentient chisel wrought,  
A woman sprung from stone, yet fair as she,  
Whose lover braved the wild engulfing sea;  
Or she, who fired the world with Beauty's spell,  
When Grecian flames arose, and Ilium fell.

Thou radiant dream ! what though through Tempi's  
glade,  
At eve, thy breezy footstep never strayed,  
Nor thy soft bow-like lip launched arrowy showers,

Of silver sounds, through Ida's leafy bowers—  
What though, from famed Cecropia's templed height,  
The blue engirdling sea, ne'er met thy sight :  
Nor sprang thy gaily gilt caique, to kiss  
The starry waves of sacred Salamis—  
Of Greek descent, all pure and lineal thou  
As though, with vermeil lip and silken brow,  
Thy birth had been where Ossa bowers in snow,  
Or where Arcadian measures sweetly flow.  
The calm composure of sublime despair—  
The vanquished griefs thy tender features bear—  
The eye resolved though sad—the lip's proud curve  
Which awes the rude insultor thou must serve,  
They all proclaim thy ancestry the free,  
Who perished victors at Thermopyla.

Sweet captive, as the sculptor's classic brain  
Grew glowing with old Grecia's glory strain,  
Through mind's vast arcades, rushed a shadowy throng  
Of names, dear to Freedom, and to Song.  
And as the proud historic host swept past,  
Thy prestige role, the brightest and the last.

Then watched the raptured carver, day by day,  
 His dream through solid marble force its way;  
 Slow rose each soft proportion, true and just,  
 The swelling limbs, the pure and faultless bust—  
 The rounded throat—the proud symmetric head,  
 Bowed like the rain-crushed lily on its bed.  
 A being bursting from the stone to sight,  
 Fair as the daughter of the sea-foam white,  
 And chaste as she with breast of spotless snow,  
 Pale Dian, huntress with the silver bow.  
 A chain, alas ! thy model members bore,  
 Fit type of “ Greece, but living Greece no more.”  
 Yet does thy Faith’s fair symbol speak how free,  
 The spirit of the youthful devotee.  
 And though amid the cold unfeeling mart,  
 Still to thy locket, clings thy constant heart.  
 Upon thy matchless lip is music mute,  
 And toneless as upon an unstrung lute,  
 Yet could thy voice well from its silent urn,  
 What precious truths, thy brutal lords might learn.  
 Methinks ’twould chain the pinions of the breeze,  
 With soulful murmurs sad and stern as these.

“ Ye bind these fragile limbs with iron gyves  
 The price of Mamote blood and Suliote lives,

But vainly do your Turkish fetters seek  
To quell the lofty spirit of a Greek.  
Ye cannot forge the chain, the scourge, the rod,  
For souls who bow alone to freedom's God.  
Degraded slaves ! ye sully manhood's name,  
For you my burning brow is flushed with shame—  
You who forget that Justice never sleeps  
That Pity o'er insulted virtue weeps.  
Aye tremble, on the future's cloudy verge,  
I see Boggaris stand—Mahomet's scourge.  
Like some war-eagle, with portentous swoop,  
I see him put to flight your bastard troop,  
And teach your base insensate souls to feel,  
What fearful terror guides avenging steel.

“ Your hills and vallies reek with Suliote blood,  
And mine can scarcely swell the princely flood,  
Yet 'tis not life, to live, a tyrant's slave,  
Nor death to rescue Virtue from her grave,  
'Tis true, 'tis true, this frame may bring you gold,  
But love and virtue are not bought or sold.  
Love, love, a faded name ! the battle-field  
Cannot, to passion's sigh, its martyred hero yield ;

And listen, all who vainly hopes to buy,  
Will learn how calmly Christian maidens die  
For 'twas the tutelage of my earliest breath  
To purchase freedom with the price of—death

## I LOVE THEE.

---

I LOVE thee, as we love the dead,  
Who never more may come,  
And smiles of fond affection shed  
Around our darkened home.  
We clasp their memory to the heart—  
We wish they had not fled,  
Or pray that we, too, might depart,  
And slumber with the dead.

I love thee, as I love to gaze,  
With strangely dreaming soul,  
Upon yon wizard light, that plays  
Around the Northern Pole.  
Out on the darkness, flames and fades  
That lightning wild and gay,  
And through my spirit's dim arcades,  
In vision floats away.

I love thee, as I love the dream,  
Which comes at midnight's hour,  
And dazzles with a transient gleam,  
Of some unearthly flower.  
Some elfin flower of lunar birth,  
Which withers in its bloom,  
And only leaves the sorrowing earth  
A waif of faint perfume.

I love thee—but the night winds fly,  
On pinions wan and cold,  
And wail my soul's imperfect sigh  
Across the murky wold,



The night-winds ! yea, the stars, likewise,  
Dance on their marble floor,  
And ring it round the startled skies—  
The dream, the dream is o'er.

I love thee, but those echoes bound  
Along the chaos shore,  
The universe hath caught the sound—  
No more ! no more ! no more !  
The universe ! and hark ! my soul  
Supplies her chorus tone,  
Like some dim gulph whose surges roll—  
Alone ! alone ! alone !

I love thee, but 'tis past ! 'tis past !  
That vision so divine :  
'Twas but a wreath of sunlight cast  
Upon the heaving brine.  
Or 'twas the lightning's lovely flash,  
Which gilds the sinking ship,  
A moment, ere the thunder crash  
Of ruin shakes the deep.

I love thee, though 'tis now a rain  
Of jewels on the sea—  
The lost links of a broken chain,  
A perished tone of glee.  
Ah! me, though scarce an infant's hands  
Were powerless as mine,  
I thought to strew the desert's sands  
With drops of ruby wine.

I love thee, though thou'rt lost to me,  
I know not how nor why;  
A bright barque vanished from the sea—  
A planet from the sky.  
A fleeting dream : a fading flower ;  
A Borealis fled :  
Ah! me, 'twere sure a blessed power  
To slumber with the dead.

I love thee, still it haunts my tongue,  
Though sad the accents fall,  
And like the snowy plumage swung  
Above a funeral pall.

And yet there's not a stray star-beam,  
A flower—a breeze, a rill,  
But brings me back that deathless dream,  
I love, I love thee still.

## PONCE DE LEON'S DREAM.

BY T. BIBB BRADLEY.

INSCRIBED TO W. GILMORE SIMMS, L. L. D.

WHAT emotions of joy pervaded the breast of Ponce de Leon, when first he beheld Florida, the land of sweet flowers and limpid streams ! Confident now of finding his long-sought Fountain of Youth, his joy knew no bounds. Often he wandered from his companions, and roaming alone in the blooming forest, gave himself up unrestrainedly to his delightful musings.—WASH. IRVING.

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### PART I.

WITHIN fair Florida's domain three hundred years ago,  
How solemn stood the lordly oaks, how hoar the  
mistletoe,

That clung and deftly nestled there, upon those  
monarch trees,

As woman's constant love to man, defying storm and  
breeze.

O'er valley, vale, and sombre mount, dispelling dismal  
shade,

O'er river, rill, and sparkling fount, in every secret  
glade ;

On drooping vine and cypress tall, on ash and aspen  
light,

In loveliness the sun at eve cast golden beams and  
bright,

A parting smile then threw o'er earth, his farewell  
glance then gave,

And sweetly lingering gently sank within the waiting  
wave.

Then rose with mild serener beam the golden-cinctured  
maid,

A mellow light within her eye, in fairest garb arrayed.

For briefest space alone she paused to view the fairy  
scene,

Ere called her star-decked maiden train, right fitting  
train for Queen ;

In circles small then waved her hands, with golden  
bracelets bound,

And summoned all who owned her sway, her glittering  
throne around.

Each handmaid saw the gorgeous gem from out the  
distant space,

Each joyously obeyed the sign, and paused in proper  
place,

Such happy smiles dame Nature cast upon her fav'rite  
land,

E'er flowers bloomed and budded there by gentlest  
zephyrs fanned.

Bright sank the sun, fair rose the moon, fair was the  
river's flow

Within fair Florida's domain three hundred years ago.

Brave Ponce de Leon wand'ring there, by fond delu-  
sion driven,

In quest of vernal Fount of Yonth, sure found alone in  
Heaven,

At eve reclined in pensive mood, beneath a cypress  
tree,

Forgetting toil and weary march in pleasant reverie.

"Amid magnolia blossoms here sure fairies often creep,  
And agile elves and blithesome sprites fantastic revel  
keep!

In summer midnight still and calm, sure gambol they  
in glee,  
Sure many a lithesome dance they have, in sportive  
frolic free !  
Or weary with their lively play, their perfumed couches  
make  
Of bud, and leaf, and flow'ret soft, and elflike slumbers  
take."

So mused the Spaniards passing there, from painful  
roaming free ;  
Well pleased, he deemed it fairest spot that on the earth  
might be.  
Each moment added increased joy ; and raptured at the  
scene,  
He called it habitation fit for elf and fairy Queen.

Well skilled'and apt De Leon was, well trained and  
quick his eye,  
To view such winning landscape o'er, new beauties to  
descry.  
On other lands had rested oft his raptured, lingering  
glance  
On fairest spot of Italy, on vine clad fields of France ;

Reclined on banks of Spain's fair streams, at sunset's  
quiet hour,  
He pensively had marked the waves, and felt their  
soothing power,  
As native cot to peasant boy, familiar to his sight  
Was each dark grove that saw the flow of Guadal-  
quiver bright.

A wanderer from his joyous youth, he well had learned  
to brave  
The direst perils landsmen fear, all dangers of the  
wave—  
Strong hope to cheer, brave soul to dare, and might  
within his arm,  
Not dangers met in any land, could give him hurt or  
harm.  
Each lonely isle in ocean's waste, from kindred islands  
bann'd,  
The mourning breezes sighing o'er, his waving hair had  
fann'd.  
Yet spot like this, so pure, so calm, had Leon never  
seen,  
Caressed by wind as soft with balm, his forehead ne'er  
had been.



Upon the vale, he gazed awhile, in velvet garb arrayed,  
A moment with the straying brook his joyful vision  
    strayed,

Awhile he glanced with raptured look, at aspen  
    glitt'ring bright,

With quivering leaves on every bough each tremulous  
    with light,

A moment hearkened to the song of wanton mocking-  
    bird,

'Mong whispering pines and vocal oaks in dulcet meas-  
    ures heard,

Then watched the small retreating lights by sparkling  
    fire-flies given,

Then counted fav'rite stars of his, as shone they in the  
    heaven,

By sight and song then soothed to sleep, soft drooping  
    closed his eye,

With gentle riv'lets foaming near, and love winds  
    mourning by.

Thus gently breathed De Leon worn, in calmest grate-  
    ful sleep,

With moon to guard his weary form and stars their  
    watch to keep.

When sweetest dreams of purest bliss, in thronging  
troops and fast,

Within the chamber of his mind in brightest guises  
passed.

The captive chained in dungeon deep, and sighing for  
the air,

Bereft of light and hopeful soul ne'er dreamed a dream  
so fair,

As welcome sound of gliding boat, bestowing strength  
and life,

To sinking sailor battling waves, nigh ceasing hopeless  
strife.

As bright as seems in pilgrim's dreams, on grim Sahar-  
ra's sand,

The well-remembered brooklet's flow within his native  
land,

So stole upon the Spaniard's soul, as if by angels  
given,

A vision blest of heavenly joy that quiet hour of even.

Surpassing this in joyous bliss, ere vowed his marriage  
vow,

Such hopeful dreams ne'er lover had as Ponce De  
Leon now.

## PART II.

THEY say that Ponce De Leon often told his companions of enchanting visions which visited his slumbers. He frequently asserted that a beautiful spirit-maid came to him in his sleep, and told him of a certain isle called Bimini, where he would find his Fountain of Youth. There the earth is always green, the flowers are ever blooming, the waters limpid and delicate; not rushing in rude and turbid torrents but swelling up in crystal fountains and winding on in peaceful and silent streams. There no harsh and boisterous winds are permitted to ravage the beauty of the groves, there prevails no melancholy nor darksome weather, no drowning rain, nor pelting hail; a perpetual youth and joy reigns throughout all nature, and nothing decays or dies. Would God I were there!—ST. BASILIUS.

Of heavenly mien beside him seemed, to fancy's misty  
sight,

A woodland nymph of sweetest form enrobed in snowy  
white.

Her trailing garments fell behind, reposed in graceful  
fold;

And near with gentlest dalliance strayed the wooing  
night winds bold.

In eye as deep as deepest spot in ocean's azure blue  
Where sailing seaman pausing still his fathom line o'er-  
threw,  
A mild subduing mellow light in quiet splendor lay,  
As if her orbs from heaven had ta'en some purest  
holiest ray.

Reflecting moonbeams' willing light a circling golden  
crown,  
Her forehead bright, of Parian white, with loving pres-  
sure bound ;  
And many a sparkling effort made enamoured glance to  
throw,  
At dewy lips with nectar fraught in rosy mouth below.  
Upon her swelling bosom strayed, dark-flowing curls  
nor few,  
Full o'er her face with loveliest grace a gentle shadow  
threw.

A purer bloom on smile-lit cheek reposed in healthier  
hue,  
Upon beloved Dian's face, ne'er fond Latona knew,

With martial leap from parent brain, young Pallas  
bursting armed  
With queenlier form or finer grace, approving Jove ne'er  
charmed,  
As fair in mien ne'er Dido seemed, when bold Aeneas  
came,  
By single glance enkindling fast love's quickest, fiercest  
flame.

As erst of old with fleetest haste from high Olympian  
heaven,  
To speeding wings by thoughts of love, a bolder im-  
pulse given,  
Sweet Venus fled, nor gazed behind each sulky glance  
to view,  
That haughty Juno's vengeful eye in ireful envy threw ;  
On, darting on with speediest sweep, as arrows cleave  
the air,  
O'er shoulders smooth as ivory far-waved her auburn  
hair :  
Nor ceased her eager course nor paused, till 'neath in  
green array  
Fair Ida's cherished bowers of love in sylvan beauty  
lay.

A moment brief then poised in space, sustained on out-  
spread wing,  
As calmest lull of Spring-winds soft, which bounteous  
showers bring,  
She glanced her eye o'er wood and grove, with eager  
wish to see  
Anchises dreaming dreams of her, beneath her myrtle  
tree.  
When viewing with far-reaching sight, in graceful out-  
lines traced  
Her slumbering lover's cherished form, with plumed  
helmet graced,  
In waving circles drooping down, her earthward course  
she tends,  
With balmiest sighs a fragrance soft to perfumed  
breezes lends,  
With noiseless footfall she alights, her dreaming loved  
one by,  
And on him turns a glance that burns, with flame-enkin-  
dled eye.  
Thus fair, thus graceful seemed the Nymph to Leon's  
wildered sight,  
As if escaped from fairy land, in swift impetuous flight.  
And as she paused near Leon's form with rosy lips  
apart,

With tiny hands on trembling breast to still her trem'-  
lous heart,  
So gently pressed the velvet grass her little fairy feet,  
That grateful blades beneath unsoiled, bestowed their  
kisses sweet ;  
And eager moonbeams softly crept from ash and cy-  
press tree,  
And hastened on through orange bowers, such glorious  
sight to see.

The woodland maid serenely gazed, and pitying glances  
threw  
From eyes like angels sooth may have, but mortals  
very few,  
Upon the war-worn warrior's form encased in coat of  
mail,  
That form that many a storm had braved, and many a  
winter's gale :  
That torn by many a battle long, by many a siege  
harassed,  
Tho' scathed ne'er bent, tho' scarred ne'er bowed, un-  
yielding to the last.  
Then still advanced with tread subdued and slowly  
leant her there,

Until the slumberer's breath disturbed her curls of  
floating hair.

Upon his forehead, rough and high, her twining fingers  
placed,

And touched with care the wrinkles there by direst  
hardships traced.

Nor lingered long the maid to note how fleeting time's  
decay,

Had solemnized his raven hair with sacred strands of  
grey,

But utterance gave to dulcet words with full delicious  
tone,

From lips as soft as Cashmere's rose, her rarest rose  
full blown.

---

SONG OF THE SPIRIT MAIDEN.

De Leon, De Leon, why sleepest thou now,

With tokens of sorrow traced over thy brow?

Is care thy sad portion by night and by day,

And will not soft slumber sooth sorrow away?



Oh ! swiftly I've speeded from Dream-land this night  
Ne'er pausing a moment, on ever in flight,  
I've journeyed o'er mountains and swam o'er the sea,  
Awake thee, awake thee, I've tidings for thee !

In Bimini island green-crested and fair,  
Where cypress and palm trees e'er blossoming are,  
Where Zephyrs enamoured the sweet flowers woo,  
The solace of sorrow lies waiting for you.

On many bright lands thy bold footsteps have been,  
Fit homes for the weary thy vision hath seen,  
Gem island by fond waves of ocean caressed,  
Where tempest-tossed seamen from danger might rest.

For storm-nurtured petrel, though wanderer he,  
Ne'er journeyed more fathoms alone o'er the sea,  
Than thou with brave Colon, the mariner's king,  
Whose requiem ever the billows shall sing.

Yet island so cheery, so lovely to view  
Ne'er welcome hath offered to Colon or you,  
As Bimini island where alway the surf,  
With gentlest obeisance approaches the turf.

The rarest of flowers so plenteous there grow,  
That withered leaves falling, when spicy winds blow,  
In circles borne upwards, float cloud-like for miles,  
'Till odorous ocean receives them with smiles.

There myrtle, magnolia, and cypress combine,  
To give to the island a beauty divine;  
And birds of fair plumage in trills ever sweet,  
Fond praises of Bimini softly repeat.

Gay ever with blossoms, caressed by the breeze,  
In sunshine all glittering bloom alway the trees.  
By tempest uninjured, full branches they bear,  
Nor leaf-stopping autumn, nor winter they fear.

There leapeth in beauty, and sparkleth in glee,  
Thy fountain of youth overflowing and free,  
As mirror of silver, bright burnished it seems,  
Forever emitting its clear limpid streams.

At roseate matin fast hastens the sun,  
To cast his first beamings this fountain upon,  
And Luna above it oft pauses in flight,  
To see her form mirrored in waters so bright.

A velvety margin the blue waters have,  
Where roses and lilies, sweet suppliants, crave  
Permission to droop them, and gently bestow  
Their lingering kiss on the surface below.

De Leon, De Leon, if more thou wouldst know,  
Awake thee from slumber and with me come go,  
Ere star-light hath faded, ere moon-beams may pale,  
O'er mountains and forest, o'er valley and vale,

Where wooed by the ocean, by Zephyrs caressed,  
In vernal bloom budding, in happiness blest,  
E'er sparkling in verdure, 'neath balmiest skies,  
Queen-bride of old Neptune, sweet Bimini lies.

### PART III.

The waters of Helicon and Parnassus have no sanative power, nor other stream gliding on our earth. But hard by the eternal throne of God, our ever-blessed Maker, the true Fountain of Life gushes up, and thereof the Angels and Arch-angels forever do drink. VICESIMUS KNOX.

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With cadence soft and musical the maiden ceased her  
song,

But 'mid the forests still and calm, its echo floated  
long,

Now ling'ring 'mid the cypress boughs, now whispering  
with the pine,

Then fleeting, fleeing, flowing on in fitful measures fine,  
'Till mingled with the rippling noise loud murmuring  
    brooklets gave,  
In stronger tones of dulcet sound it found its fitting  
    grave.

Ah ! see the slumberer moving now, the sleeper's pulses  
    thrill,  
And inspirations fast and deep his heaving bosom fill !  
A smile his forehead dallies o'er, as in his happiest  
    mood,  
And furrowed cheeks are all suffused with warm Cas-  
    tilian blood ;  
With eager impulse open now his sleep refusing eyes,  
And straight before he gazeth long with look of mute  
    surprise.

As feels the sinking mariner, when swiftly floating by,  
Huge, broken spars elude his grasp and leave him there  
    to die,  
A prisoner lone in dreary cell with iron fetters bound,  
Whose list'ning ears hear Chanticleer, with shrillest  
    matin sound,

Announce to him Aurora fair, slow ushering in the day,  
That ere its close will view his form a lump of lifeless  
clay ;

As feels the mother when she knows that stern un-  
pity-  
ing death,

Upon her child, her only child, hath breathed with  
noisome breath,

Upon those eyes once sparkling bright, his icy seals  
hath placed,

And on that snow-white purest brow his mournful token  
traced,

So felt De Leon, conscious then that visions fond and  
vain,

Had sported with his hoping soul, and left him sad  
again.

Alas ! alas ! that waking sight such bliss could e'er de-  
stroy,

The maiden sped, to dreamland fled, and with her bore  
his joy,

His holiest joy without alloy on winged pinions bore,

And left him weeping, wailing there in agony full sore !

Protracted sighs that well bespeak the anguish of his  
soul,

From out his sorrow-laden breast in slow succession  
roll ;

From eyes that oftener far were wont in generous  
pride to gleam,

Large trickling tear-drops down his cheek in rapid tor-  
rents stream.

Ah ! Ponce De Leon, well for thee, broad-breasted man  
of oak,

No human eye beholds thee wail for this thy saddest  
stroke !

Thy lordly pride could never brook to yield to melting  
mood,

If witnessing thy helpless grief a comrade near thee  
stood.

For ne'er has foeman seen thee shrink, nor mortal seen  
thee quail

In strife, or siege, in woe or war, in tempest or in gale.

Yet weep, De Leon, freely weep, alone and desolate,  
Let every willing tear drop sad pursue its trickling  
mate !

There's little fear of prying gaze, thy sole companions  
are

The solemn forest-trees around, that in thy sorrow  
share.

Beside thee wave the willows lone all sadly to and fro,  
As if lamenting buried dead the cheerful earth below;  
About thee grieving night-winds sing their slow and se-  
rious lays,

Above in sparkling sympathy sad stars pour down their  
rays.

Then weep, deluded Leon, weep the hope that cheered  
thy heart,

That far hath led thee o'er the sea and bade thee early  
part

From kindred race and native land, sweet joys of love  
forego

Thy pining, yearning, longing soul may never, *never*  
know.

Amid the many gifts to man for mortal uses meet,  
Abundant found in every land is water ever sweet,  
The tired laborer owns it sweet with irksome toiling  
spent,

And sated prince when gen'rous wines afford no nutri-  
ment.



Oh! fair to view this liquid pure where'er it hath its  
    birth,  
In crystal goblet flowing free or bounding o'er the  
    earth!  
In glitt'ring rain drops falling fast, transparent globes  
    that form,  
In passing showers of early spring or in the winter's  
    storm!  
In sparkling tear by purest joy from eye of maiden led,  
In pitying streams from angel's eyes for human woes  
    e'er shed  
Or in the morning's trem'lous dew soft quiv'ring in the  
    light,  
Which God the Giver ever spreads to cheer our mor-  
    tal sight!

Upon our bounteous mother-earth what copious waters  
    glide!  
Capacious seas upon whose breast large navies safely  
    ride!  
Majestic rivers rolling on with right baronial mien,  
And fairy lakes reflecting each fair Luna's roseate  
    sheen!

How many a fountain gushes up with murmur and with  
    song,  
And many a brook soft warbling makes as journeys it  
    along ;  
And silvery streams, or large or small, their fertile  
    windings take  
'Mid pleasant fields of waving grain, their burning  
    thirst to slake.  
Yet ah ! vain dreamer, none of these, tho' pure the wa-  
    ters be,  
May give to man perpetual youth, from danger set him  
    free !  
Not limpid draughts from clearest streams in fairest  
    lands that leap,  
Not famed Bandusia's joyous fount where guard sweet  
    Naiads keep,  
Such precious priceless boon may yield, to mortals e'er  
    denied :  
Our native earth for all her sons hath resting-place sup-  
    plied.  
Or ever silver cord be loosed, or broken golden bowl,  
From crumbling tenement of clay departs the immortal  
    soul.

Then search, oh ! mortal, not on earth such vernal fount  
to find,

But *upward* look with eye of faith and calm and trust-  
ing mind

Encompassing Jerusalem, blest city of our God,  
A city girt with sapphire walls by angel footsteps trod,  
Where toil, nor woe, nor death is known, nor darkness  
there, nor night,  
Celestial waters ever flow, and gleam in golden light.

One draught from that divinest source, a single drop if  
given,

Will yield thee never-ending youth, and life fore'er in  
heaven.

When this thy soul hath tasted once, thy voice will ever  
sing

Amid the sons of God on high, "*Hosannah To Our  
King.*"



## TWO SCENES.

### THE MORN.

---

AURORA, by the am'rous morning chased  
Rides blushing in her chariot purple-wheeled.  
Tall budding trees in bright reflection dyed  
O'er all their clust'ring boughs grow red. The lake,  
Far gleaming in the forest's deep recess,  
Beholds the scene and all her waters sing,  
Beautiful, how beautiful! Lo! where  
To greet the morn their proud heads lilies bow,  
And all its silver limbs the aspen waves,  
Two beings walk most lovely in their youth.

She fair as Eve, when with long tresses loosed  
And lambent eyes and most delicious form,  
To Adam's gaze she seemed an angel sped  
To lure him up to Heaven. He like the morn  
That ardent sues Aurora o'er the hills,  
And wins her in the vale. Most lovely pair!  
Their humid eyes as language speak warm vows,  
While o'er their cheeks the softest blushes steal,  
Then flit like rosiest dreams. How sweet to them  
The Earth with all her varied beauty smiles!  
How kind the winds to kiss their radiant brows  
And breathe of Youth and Love! How blue that sky  
That arches forth its benediction there!  
The waves how glad that speeding to the shore  
Desirous foam to greet the youthful pair!  
How deep the tones that from their soul-harps roll!  
How thrill their forms quivering with utter bliss!  
Oh! they are happy now, these loving ones.

## THE MOONLESS NIGHT.

---

THE dim stars give no light, and Dian dies.  
The wailing winds sing peans, and wan clouds  
With tattered shrouds roam trembling in the vault  
Like lost souls Hades-bound. The stately trees  
Stand motionless all sullen in their gloom.  
Forth from the forest aisles roll deeper tones,  
That mingling with the lake's low music float  
Till all her darkened waves in unison  
Flow mournfully, how mournfully ! Lo ! where  
Its growth the aspen shrinks, where lilies droop  
To lay white crowns in sorrow on the turf,  
One being walks most wretched in his woe.  
The crisped leaves that strew his midnight path  
Like dead hopes rustle 'neath his lonely tread.  
His brow bears tokens of those restless griefs  
Which writhe like serpents in man's brain, and bite.  
Deep set beneath a fore-head pale his eyes  
Flow laden with the anguish of a life.  
His cheeks sink hueless, save twin hectic spots  
That tell a fever fires a feeble frame.

The Earth — how seems she now? All black and  
blind

As Destiny herself! How drear that sky.

Now curving out dark malediction there!

How sad the waves that shiv'ring shun the shore!

How sound the tones that now his soul's harp thrill?

How shakes his frame quivering with utter woe!

Oh! he is lonely now, this weary one.



## MY BROTHER.

“Eum Amavi, Sed Mortuus Est.”

---

My Brother, ere spring with its roses had perished,  
When leaves of the forest were gayest in bloom,  
We bore thee, the dear one, the ardently cherished,  
To sleep where thy kindred lie low in the tomb.  
Now summer's bright banners are tattered and torn,  
And leaves of the autumn lie scattered and sere,  
And clouds o'er the mountain go grieving forlorn  
As the heart of the mourner who weeps for thee here.

Yet rest thee, my Brother, the years that are fleeting  
Can chill not with sorrow thy fond bosom now ;  
The storms that around me so wildly are beating  
Can pour not their terrors upon thy young brow.  
That brow of it beauty, its radiance divine  
I would not that ills of this world should beguile ;  
And the eyes that so often looked love into mine  
Should look into angels' forever and smile.

Why call thee to plains where the flowers all languish,  
Where shadows appall the poor pilgrims who stray,  
Where music is stifled in low wails of anguish,  
When darkness fears never the dawn of a day ?  
No, longer, thou loved one, away from this scene,  
In climes bright with sunshine unfold thy pure wing,  
By streams that are golden, o'er fields that are green,  
Where soft fountains murmur, and glad angels sing.

## THE THREE PILGRIMS.

---

A barque bounded forth, when the sunlight of morning  
Reposed like a mantle on soft summer seas ;  
Her light fairy prow seemed the blue billows scorning,  
Her white shining sail seemed deriding the breeze.

Three lovely young pilgrims were manning that vessel,  
They came from the shades of a far mountain dell,  
Nor knew they the tradewinds and tempests that wrestle  
And rock-reefs that lurk where the sea billows swe

They sought far across the blue desert of waters,  
The shore of an Araby blessed and bright,  
Where Flora would grant them her beautiful daughters,  
And Love's music-bird sing a song of delight.

Ah ! one of their number seemed careless in duty—  
'Twas Joy, gaily glancing among the bright spars ;  
And her brow had the stamp of that singular beauty,  
Of such as are summoned in youth to the stars.

But Hope's golden tresses were steadfastly streaming  
In planet-like glory, above the gilt helm ;  
While Youth at her side stood unconsciously dreaming,  
And watching the waves curling back from the stern.

For a brighter blue sky o'er a barque never bended,  
A softer blue ocean a barque never bore,  
And spirit-like zephyrs from heaven descended  
And tenderly wafted her far from the shore.

And gaily the mariners sang as they glided—  
Their ship it was stout and their flag it was free ;  
Their keel, like a keen silver arrow divided  
The heart of the broad and the beautiful sea.

'Tis true it was stout, but alas ! 'twas a stranger  
To seas where the coral reef parted the wave ;  
And it heedlessly rushed in the bosom of danger,  
Where none hovered near for to pity or save.

And it sank in the prime of a golden-hued morning  
'Mid billows as soft as an infant's repose ;  
The bell-fashioned sky ringing never a warning,  
To tell that the waters would over it close.

Straight down to the sea-monarch's chrystalline  
chamber  
It silently sped, like the beam of a star.  
Where sea-nymphs encrusted its cordage with amber,  
And girdled with flowers each delicate spar.

And the pilgrims—oh ! when the cold deluge rushed  
darkling  
The sheen of that forehead, so strangely divine ;  
Joy died on the waters, died flashing and sparkling,  
Like libated foam from a beaker of wine.

And Youth slowly sank with a sorrowful murmur,  
That gifted the wind with the voice of despair—  
With her features upturned to the blue sky of summer,  
That arched with a smile o'er the wretchedness there.

But Hope faltered not, for with dauntless devotion  
She snatched her pale friend from a watery grave,  
And fearlessly breasting the perilous ocean,  
Her long sunny hair streamed above the blue wave.

Long, long on the waters, unfriended she drifted,  
Till planting her foot, it rung firmly and free  
On the strand of an Island that silently lifted  
Her desolate rocks from the depths of the sea.

But her helpless companion had faded and fainted ;  
The color had fled from his hyacinth curls,  
And the blue lines of suffering had mournfully painted  
The mouth that once sparkled with roses and pearls.

She clasped his cold temples, she sang of "to-morrow,"  
She tore ner pale lips with her kisses apart,  
Till a faint wintry smile, like an angel in sorrow,  
Came tremblingly forth from his broken young heart.

And she warbled all day, for she thought that his  
anguish

Would hush, like the surf, that stood still on the  
shore ;

But the faithful young pilgrim seemed only to languish,  
And sigh for the Joy that returned nevermore.

Though she sang like a syren, she could not empower  
His barque to ascend from the sea-caves below ;  
And at last fragile Youth passed away, like a flower,  
Begirt by a dream of incurable woe.

And then—not till then, did her brave spirit falter,  
And fear chill the lonely survivor in truth :  
As she knelt, like a priest at a dismantled altar,  
And kissed the shut eyes of the beautiful youth.

Yet her voice rose again, and rose faultless and  
deathless

Above the hoarse note of the sea-raven's cry,  
Till e'en the wild ocean grew solemn and breathless,  
And stars glided earthward to murmur reply.

Yes, her strain was so loud and divine, that a million  
Of silver-mailed stars rushed athwart the night-  
glooms,  
And they brought a white angel down there to pavilion  
Her bright golden head with his pale sweeping  
plumes.

And a soft rolling sigh of ineffable sweetness  
Was all that was heard at the close of her lay;  
For that angel's pale plume mocked a meteor's in  
fleetness,  
And fled with the last of the Pilgrims away.



## TO ONE BEAUTIFUL.

---

'Tis midnight now, sweet girl, and thy blue orbs  
In placid slumber closed, embower their rays,  
And o'er thy pillow floats thy soft brown hair.  
Fair sleeper, rest thee in thy innocence  
Unharm'd, unaw'd by visions boding ill.  
Yet little need that I should pray for thee,  
For do not angels poise above thy couch  
And smile upon thy loveliness. Dream on,  
Till wanton morn roams ruddy on the hills,  
And pours red glory on the dewy vales,  
Then wake thee to enchant the sunny day.  
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Meantime, while dumb in sleep the oblivious world  
Prates not of misery, while noiselessly  
The waning hours flit by, I sit and count  
Thy beauties o'er. Thy snowy brow I see  
With native grace enthroned, and moistened lips  
That rob young flowers of all their precious food,  
And cheeks carnation-hued, and eyes that beam  
To tenderness subdued, and that white neck  
Than cygnets fairer on the gleaming lake.  
The idle ones that circle round thy throne,  
And pay poor compliments in pleasure's halls,  
These reckon not of thy beauty. In my dreams  
As bright as angels by their golden streams,  
Than white-armed houris lovely in their baths,  
I picture thee. And in the sun-lit hours  
The orbs that lure away my cares are thine,  
The lips that murmur loving words are thine,  
And that young form all robed in white,  
Celestial walking in my path, is thine.

And can'st thou censure me that in the night  
I hold commune with thee. Thro' all the day  
I keep me from thy happy bower, nor come  
To woo for rosy smiles. When in the vault

The languid moon, that loves the earth so well,  
Floats pensively, I cannot bid my heart  
Cease throbbing wild for thee. The midnight air  
Breathes redolent of thee, and stars that shine  
Thro' my lone casement dearly speak of thee.  
'Tis all I ask thus in my solitude,  
To dream I see thy blue eyes bend on me,  
Oh! tenderly, how tenderly! to list  
The silver sounds that ripple from thy lips,  
To hear the tripping music of thy step  
O'er flowers gaily gliding, and to twine  
Soft curls that cluster on a brow divine.

Thou wouldst not rob the pilgrim of his staff,  
Nor from the sinking sailor wrench the spar  
That lifts him o'er the waves. Thou could'st not grasp  
The thirsting traveler's cup, and on the sand  
Pour blessed water drops that yield him life.  
Thy long-lashed eyes will shed no feebler light,  
Nor from thy cheek its peachy smoothness fade,  
Nor smiles less frequent gild thy glowing lips,  
That sorrowful I love thee so. The morn  
Will greet thee buoyant as a soaring lark,

The softest joys have homes in thy pure breast,  
And all the day thy ringing voice will chime  
In lowest laughter. Onward thou wilt move  
An angel in thy loveliness, nor know  
How one lone heart its midnight worship pays.  
Then let me dream of thee, and dreaming live.

## A DAY.

---

I knew thee but a single day,  
'Twas one, that swiftly sped away,  
    With blue and golden skies.  
How gaily wound its lovely march  
Athwart the distant pine and larch—  
'Twas faultless as the rainbow arch,  
    That leads to Paradise.

The zephyrs carrolled on the hills,  
The waters warbled in the rills,  
The birds upon the tree :  
The flowers chaunted in perfume,  
The forest waved its bonniest plume,  
And sunbeams chased away the gloom  
That long had shadowed me.

For I was sorrowing in my bower—  
A pale and rudely broken flower,  
That sheds its morning tears.  
I sorrowed like a crownless queen,  
My blessings all had fled the scene,  
And friends were not, what friends had been  
In brighter, happier years.

When soft, and kind a gentle tone  
Came, floating through that bower lone,  
And charmed my soul along,  
It thrilled my very being's core,  
I do not think I knew before  
How musical a name I bore,  
It sounded like a song.

Ah ! me, when friends have from us turned,  
And all its treasures have been spurned,  
    The heart is quickly won.  
That soft tone, calmed my spirit's wave,  
And shadows fled the blue concave,  
When lifting up, thine eyelid gave  
    The day another sun.

It seemed to me, the bright hours rolled,  
In chariots down a path of gold,  
    And scattered fairy flowers.  
A glory hung around the sky,  
A brilliant rainbow fluttered nigh,  
And sportive clouds up-piled on high,  
    Their alabaster towers.

But ah ! it fled—that lovely day,  
Like some sweet minstrel's melting lay,  
    That perishes in rhyme.  
It fled off beyond recall,  
Amid a glorious twilight fall,  
And left its equal not in all  
    The Kalendar of time.

## THE PROPHECY.

---

Once a Prophetess bade me to bide for a time,  
Till a lover should woo in the language of rhyme ;  
In that musical idiom that springs from the heart,  
Like its delicate pulses untutored by art.

And I heard a sweet measure one beautiful day,  
When the clouds were like roses that blossom in May ;  
So divine and so faultless that melody rolled,  
That it circled my being with bracelets of gold.



Though my spirit was sad, when it glided to me,  
There was hope in my heart, and my heart it was free ;  
And my soul was unfearing, and sunward and true,  
As she cleft her lone way up the welkin of blue.

Though it sometimes had trailed through the bowers of  
Love,  
It had burst from its bondage and glided above,  
For a shackle of silk was not destined to gird  
The broad swooping wing of a proud eagle bird.

I had dashed through the clouds with mine eye on the  
sun  
Till the goal of his gorgeous meridian was won ;  
When I flamed through the zenith, and laughed in my  
scorn,  
At the gloom of the night, and the mist of the morn.

On my sun streaming plume, from the place of my birth,  
Like a wild comet star I had girdled the earth—  
Through the blue upper air, where the winds are asleep,  
Far above the old song of the tremulous deep.

When I suddenly paused in my cloud-spurning flight,  
By an Island that shone through a shower of light ;  
In the midst of the sea, it rose dazzling and fair,  
And the shell of a minstrel was vibrating there.

I could not tell half the sweet madrigals breathed,  
For a deeper toned instrument never was wreathed ;  
But one was the strain that a bright child of song,  
Should to none, but a ruler of music belong.

And it vibrated there, till a delicate chain  
Grew entwined with the plume of my pinion again,  
But the chain was of gold, and had many a gem,  
Like the beauties, that beam in a bard's diadem.

So I mingled my harp with the measures I heard,  
Till the zephyr grew vocal and gay as a bird,  
And the ocean, like me, wore the manacles fair,  
That dropped down from that shell when it fettered the

air

And I still linger there, in a tune:flowing trance,  
Where the winds weave a song, and the waves weave a  
    dance,  
For the minstrel, who sings on that Isle in the sea,  
Is the one, that the Prophetess promised to me.

## A SONG.

---

There are many around thee, the young and the fair,  
Who are leading the revel along;  
And their ringlets may vie with thine own sunny hair,  
And their lips rival thine in the song.  
But there's never a one with that angel-like grace  
In each lineament's marvellous turn—  
With the spirit, that shines through thy beautiful face,  
Like a lamp through a delicate urn.

There are many who brighten the banquet to-night,  
As the wave of the crimson wine flows,  
With a forehead that beams like a crescent of light,  
And a cheek like the bloom of the rose ;  
But they have not that peace, like a soft brooding dove,  
Which is sheltering thine innocent youth,  
Nor a brow, which hath brought from its birthplace  
above  
Such a heavenly halo of truth.

No, they have not an eye, beaming under its shield,  
Like that magical cavern of old,  
Which to only one fortunate comer revealed  
All its treasure of jewels and gold.  
For there ne'er was a spirit sent down from on high  
Half as bright or as stainless as thine,  
And the Persian's proud idol, though framed in the sky  
Cannot boast a more beautiful shrine.

## THIS WORLD.

---

What is there now in all this world,  
That ministers delight?  
For every joy, I ever knew,  
Has vanished from my sight.

My early hopes, like drops of dew,  
Have fled from the earth;  
And every golden star is gone,  
That hung around my birth.

Of all the gifts the fairies gave,  
There now remains but one ;  
It is the gift of shedding tears,  
When all the rest have flown.

'Tis true I still retain a lyre,  
Whose numbers wildly roll, '  
But ah ! the radiance of its fire  
Leaves darkness in my soul.

And she who gave it, scarcely gave  
A treasure to my heart,  
'Tis twined with cypress and with rue—  
My spirit's counterpart.

I do remember, when a child,  
Though sorrowless and gay,  
That then a dim prophetic fear  
Upon my spirit lay.

It was, that I should live to see  
The wreck of every love ;  
And flourish, like the Upas tree,  
To desolate the grove.

And 'tis fulfilled—the last deep love  
Is from my bosom hurled,  
And there is not a joy for me  
In all this wide, wide world.















A 311

Pleasant

